Marcel Ray Duriez

Nevaeh

Book: 6

Struggle with Affections

Brave girls fight for what they know is right in their heart; strong girls battle for their freedom with what they think love is day and night. The toughest girls leave the past behind, yet they search for what they cannot find, while they walk in their boots on a path for someone kind. Heroic girls with desperation to keep their honor; may have to break the heart of another. All this attacking is for the affection of another, this is a war to stop the curse of the tower.

~Neveah~

Chapter: 35

My Vanished Girls

‘As a result, in all of this baby momma drama, I became a grandmother and a mourner all at the same time.’ When Kristen was born as a miniature three pounds and seven ounces’ baby, she was not given to me. I did not think the baby lived really… just like everyone else thought at the time. Not to forget I was grieving over the fact that my daughter was gone forever, there was a lot to think about

that was boggling my mind. Therefore, Lance said that he would get rid of the baby, yet at the time, I did not know about any of it! Hence, Lance’s family secretly claimed Kristen telling everyone else that the baby died at the scene with Jaylynn. How was I supposed to know any differently? She became one of those kids. Lance's story was that since Jaylynn died first in suicide, that the baby was not born yet; and that she was born as a stillborn baby after the fact. Little did I know that the baby did live!

Lance’s mother stole baby Kristen away from me and her true mommy Jaylynn, which was the plan all along. Then she claimed Kristen as an adopted child. Consequently, just like always, because of who they were; no one questioned this incident, nor did anyone care about it. Only five people showed up for Jaylynn, the last showing myself included before she was placed on a white couch and driven up to the cemetery, and then covered over by the earth above. One person stands out from them all. This person that showed

up at the funeral home was a younger high school boy named Greg; he walked up to Jaylynn as she was so peaceful in her deep sleep lying there with her hair off to the one side.

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Her eyes were closed so tightly that you could see her long-curled eyelashes pointed skyward, in her baby blue coffin. She was an angel to look at even at that moment. I knew that she was looking over all of us! In addition to that, she was most likely looking at him and holding his hands with her

spiritual touch, I could just feel it. He said that he felt the breeze of her presents.

He was crying hysterically from his hazel almost jade green eyes! I remember he said that he was secretly in love with Jaylynn back when she was a little girl. That he never got the chance to say that to her in person. I remember him placing one pink daisy in her box on top of her small, yet perky upward-facing breasts next to her motionless heart; with the bloom under her chin and her slight smile.

Along with that, then he slid an engraved promise ring on her finger as well; at that moment… one of his teardrops fell from his eyes on her petite hand, as he was holding it… not wanting to ever let go of her. That is love… if I ever did see it. Greg also whispered to me, that he never even got to kiss her as he always hoped to do, and that she was everything that he was looking for in a girl. Furthermore, he would never look for anyone else. That she was the one, and the only! The only thing I could say was; I thank you

and follow your heart, and she will be watching over you.

Then he walked away… I never saw him again after that. You know I don't even know his last name. Still, I will always remember his face, and the look that was upon it that day, he was devastated. So, someone did care about her, someone truly loved her, and adored her, and it was taken away from him too. Why! Why oh God, why? Why didn’t she see this when she was alive? ‘Why is a question that has no answers, only just more unanswered questions?’

Ava Amsel Lance’s mother kept Kristen locked up in a chamber that was cold, damp, and dark; with only a light bulb hanging from the junction box, under a rusty tin roof. There was no bathroom, and the windows were covered up with wood planks; with the smell of shit everywhere, in that underground room. That was Kristen’s existence in her beginnings of life.

Thus, that is where they keep the underprivileged kids underground, in the damp, dim, stony crawl space of a basement. Nobody knew how evil she

was as a mother, however, Kristen did. The town thought Ava was the perfect mother, which is what became known.

Nevertheless, making up twisted stories was what she was all about, and really, the only thing she was good at. As well as keeping something from others is also what she was about to. Then one day it all changed, I got a knock on my front door, and by the time I got there, the woman was gone. They're sitting on my doorstep as my granddaughter… there she was alive in my sight. She was

seven years old at that time; I recall that she was completely nude crying on my porch, and all she had on was Lily’s other childhood ribbon in her hair. Then when I saw the ribbon, I knew what happened. Then she leaped into my arms, and it was love for me from that point on! I remember that Kristen had smashed fingers, and cut up legs, they used a taser gun on her… as well as her butt and vulva were bleeding from being chewed, fondled, and penetrated repeatedly.

She was sold many times by Ava and was used as a slave for others' thrills. She had to have virginity restoration surgery to regain her innocence so that someday she can be deflowered to whom she wants. She was only seven years old when the doctors put her under to do that, yet it was the right thing to do, for her.

The doctor, Dr. Fennel, said that he never saw anything like what he saw with her in his whole time in practice. I did not care how much it cost, I knew what it was like to have

that taken away and I did not want that for her to go through in her life.

Dr. Fennel- ‘Undoubtedly, it looks like a mad dog attacked her! However, there are something’s I am going to leave alone, therefore, it is not hurting her, and there is no reason to do anything medically to remove it. It would cause more damage to remove it I feel than to leave it there. I fixed the little sweetie up as well as I could. You know that no one would ever know, after she heals up, that she had this

surgery. Yes, that is what we want for her definitely.’

Kristen was like a child prostitute for the clan. Besides, when she did not comply, she would face the wrath of all of them. Ava Amsel liked to pick her up by her matted hair, and smack her bare ass with her hands and other random objects until her butt was cherry red with blood, and she broke open her hymen back then too, as you know. Kristen remembers the blood running down her legs, and her getting all up in there with her fingers, and

also being held down, and chained to the wall, and bed headboard.

She was deflowered at the age of four. Way too young to lose her innocence by anyone… Yet that is what happened, thanks to Amsel's kids and their whole fucked up, and perverted family, and the other kids that were around her.

I could just kill Ava for this, and smash her faultless face in, certainly to a bloody pulp, and not even blink I hate her that much! She and her other kids in her family used to say that

they were going to bury her alive, out in the backyard; so, their three dogs could chew on her bones after they dug her small remands back up. One of their punishments was to spit chewed, chewing tobacco, and also other organic matter into her mouth… and indeed they made her swallow it all, and stick out her tongue to prove it was all gone.

Plus, if she would pee her bed at night for any reason, she used to make her march around in front of the entire family and all the boys… while

she was telling Kristen that if she peed on the bed again, she was going to cut her clitoris off with a pair of sewing scissors. They did not do that; however, they did put a ring horizontally through her clitoris with a needle and bottle cork. Hence, that is how they branded or identified their kids in their orphanage, with a ring that was permanent and impossible for them to remove.

~*~

Kristen said that it only pinched and hurt as they were doing it.

I do not believe that… To this day, Kristen has that piercing; and she said that she doesn't mind it at all. Besides, her doctor said to leave it alone, and when she gets a little older, she can change the ring, just to be very gentle and careful with the little hole opening that was made through the over-sensitive tissue, when feeding the new jewelry through. We both felt that it would be best to go to a tattoo shop to have it redone when she was a teenager.

Now she finds it to be cute, she said that all she needed to do was find the right round ring, and that is what she did!

She got a silver one with a sparkly single pink stone in the ball bead fastener, the old one was just a black spiked end ball ring and a small gray number tag, she was number- (G-K-14.) G- for a girl, K- for Kristen, and the 14 for the fourteenth girl they had in the basement. You know what… that is all I have to say about that. It truly troubles me how others, in this case, a

kid was treated by others that should be role models, yet they are monsters.

Nevertheless, they get away with it all, it happens all around us every day, and no one sees it or chooses to do anything about it; for her, it was all part of the houses of horrors. My recollection of that day… oh my, her eyes were bloodshot, she was bawling with teardrops running down her cheeks. You could see the human teeth marks on her skin from the others that pecked and poked at her. I said

who are you- and she trembled out the name Kr-is-te-n!

This was like DeJa'Vu for me, really it was. I did not know how to feel; what could I feel I was numb to what to think; if it was the emotion of being delighted or horrified? She was just left there standing cold and lonely, with the unsympathetic November rain and orange, yellow, and red leaves falling around her as the rain hit her on her small chest, face, and delicate figure. I remember that attached to her wrist was a note… saying this is your

granddaughter; this worthless pile of shit is your obligation now!

‘I do not want to take care of it-(G-k-14) any longer. For the reason that it (G-k-14) is no use for me any longer. It-(G-k-14) is what we call used up, and no longer a use for us. It-(G-k-14) is no longer desirable for the male buyer’s needs, or the needs of the other progenies we have. It-(G-k-14) has been released, rather than dismissing to expiry.’

‘The crazy bitch’ did not even refer to Kristen as she, her, or a human

girl; she just called her… ‘It! - (G-k-14)’ Plus, if they would not have chosen to release her, they would have killed her and put her stripped down in the mass grave they have in the backyard because the only other thing she could have been for them would have been to be a young birth mother. Likewise, they did not want any more kids that were related to me.

Why- I do not know! Maybe it has something to do with the blood type? For years, I thought my granddaughter was deceased; that was

what the wright up in the cyber gazette babbled, along with the cops. For about seven years this woman and the family along with the other kids would stomp, beat, slam, and tie down my grandbaby, to a bed, and Ava would twist her feet and limbs until the bones would crunch; and her heels would be where her toes should be, it is a wonder she can even walk. I believe that they would even inject her with tranquilizers to make it easier for all of them to rape her. Kristen without her even knowing that she could have gotten away from

the hysteria, but because she had a fear of the wrath, she never attempted to leave. Furthermore, if she tried, she was always chased down and locked back up. I am just happy she is alive!

Chapter: 36

It’s the little things

From that day, approximately ten years have passed, I would have to say that I am about sixty-five now, in this life, yet age these days is just a number, that does not count for much.

It is the little things that count, they show the way; just like the little girl in the doorway, like the little dream that has not gone away. Just like the little girl, and her hopes and dreams, that came true because she knew how to pray; for a day she came home with me to stay. What could I do? I was not going to leave her out in the rain, plus how could I resist that lovable little girl. She could not help who her daddy was; she just had a way of melting my heart, and I guess she always will. I do believe that if it would not have been

for this little girl, I would have given up on life a long time ago as you may have guessed. I have seen her grow up; every day was a discovery.

'We lived and learned, life threw curves, yes there was joy, and yes there was hurt, oh how I remember when.' I remember when she was ten living life through twists and turns, and all she wanted to do was run through the golden fields wild and carefree, free and open to the heavens above. I remember when she turned thirteen and became a mischievous teenager,

that included curling her hair and wearing eyeliner and soft pink lipstick, she was a young lady and looking for lust. Now that she is nearing the age of seventeen, a young woman, she does not need me as much as she used to; I guess that my mission in life is over. Life goes by like a blink of an eye. I did the best I could, but I often wonder if my best was good enough this time too. Sometimes I cannot help but wonder if she is going to be the next young girl on the list of heartbreak, because of the

curse of the tower, or has she gone through all her pain?

(Present time)

Just about every day Kristen and I sit down at the dining room table, and I tell her stories of back in the day. We have the same meal of canned soup, canned peaches, and Pepsi in you guessed it a can. I have not had a home-cooked meal in years. Every morning I have peanut butter and jelly sandwich doubled over, and with a cup of instant black coffee with three spoons full of fake sugar; that is so

strong it could walk. It makes me want to cough when it is going down, I do not need to eat or drink.

Nonetheless, I do, and then I start popping my peals, that keeps me going through the day or so they say, and to keep my broken heart going pitter and pat or so it seems to everyone else, with a few extra beats in-between, I do not have a heartbeat as you know. Yet to them they think that is what is wrong with me medically, I just play along, it's stress-free that way! That reminds me that I

have not slept in a bed for years; I sleep in my chair in the living room looking out the window. The bed has not been used after my husband's death, the new sheets I put on have never been slept in, and the bed has a canopy in a soft purple color… just the way we always wanted it to be.

Why?

You ask; because that was the bed, we planned on being in together every night, and I do not like sleeping alone, I always loved to cuddle up. I miss him far too much when being in

that room, on that bed; I just cannot even go in there, without breaking down.

I remember when we were young, and we first started to sleep together in the same bed. Us we were uncovered with the only cover on top of us being the soft cotton sheets it was awkward and exhilarating… there were nights when I thought I had a heart that's pounding just like the drum solo in Soundgarden's song Spoon man!

My heart has not beat like that in many, numerous decades. Yes, I

kind- of miss those days, what can I say. I have had so many days in my life's no wonder they started to blur together. Yet it felt like my stalled heart hit so hard and fast I could not sleep: because of the intimacy, we had… just being pressed upon one another. 'We were like two perfectly fitting spoons in the kitchen drawer.'

Then the morning would roll in, and we would cuddle together looking out our big arched picture window looking over the oak tree, the sun rises, and the golden land below. Then the

birds would sing as if just for us; as if their lovely songs were them approving of us being together in our bed.

Plus, not long after that, I would fall fast asleep with me wrapped around him. Then he wrapped around me in the sweetheart cuddling position. Yes, that was what we did; I could never forget that no matter how long I live. Sundays, we just liked to be lazy, and go for walks on the old abandoned railroad tracks. At that time, we held Jaylynn’s little hand between us, and

we both would raise her and swing her back and forth ever so slightly.

Then she would giggle and shout saying the word ‘We-e-e-e!’ I can still hear her saying, ‘I love you momma, and dad- da…!’ in her baby talk. Aww- how adorable, those days go by, and time can do so much. They were righteous days, what can I say! That jogs my memory for me, for seven years, Kristen lived with a mattress all most on the floor, and the headboard was attached to the wall, with a four-foot dog chain, that would attach to her

ankle and the other kids had chains too, this is what they called bedtime, they were unchained from nine AM to seven PM. The time in between, they all were attached to their beds, two boys and two girls lined up bare naked in one single bed, which is how they lived most of the time.

With only one thin blanket if they were ever so lucky to be given one, she and her bedmates were fortunate to have a pillow; sometimes during her misery, she did not even have those things. They had this

bedroom in that house, which they would take the young girls into for the dirty old men to do what they wanted. That is if they choose to buy them, the girl… that is for sessions of any kind of sex they ask them to do, the girls that would complain or not comply would be beaten until they were killed, by Ava and her mother, the demons would come out in their rage!

Ava and her mother love to snack on the boys and girls, for their blood, and kill them for their soul! They had a pick on the girls more than the

boys, mainly for accessibility reasons. You can figure that one out on your own. Then they would suck out their blood from you know where and drink it, and bury all of them out in the backyard, and cover them over like they were nothing to them, or for the dogs to eat. They would even chop and hack them up for dog food, and blend them in a blender.

That is a true story. Kristen saw them do that to a five-year-old girl, with her own eyes! Yes, I have to believe her… that is too creepy and

insane not to be true! The men buyers could choose what girl they wanted, and for how long they wanted, the price starting at fifty dollars went up for each act they wanted to perform on them, or for the girl to perform on them. Every day she was given a bit of old bread, with coffee dumped on top, and that was all she got in one day as a meal. She never even had a dress to wear on her tiny body, the poor kids that were in the basement, did not have clothing given to them, like the others that live in the upper levels of that house.

They did this to her because of me? I still do not know what their problem was with me. Anyways- Ha- ha, getting her to keep a dress on was difficult, but out here in the county of the golden hayfields, she was able to run free and play in the mud all she wanted to, I did the same thing to in the rain when I was a young girl; just a tomboy! She was crazy wild, and I was going to in a way break her of all that, and raise her to be a respectable girl. This was my chance to make up for the

past; I was not going to fail again, not with her!

All life is just like the footprints in the snow as you look back, sometimes you see two sets, and sometimes not. Now and then, you look back on the path that is your life, and you only see one set of deep prints.

However, they are not your prints. I have come to realize and believe, that is when I was carried, through the hard and difficult times, by my angels, or by the Lord himself. Should I, or could I? Did I need to get

another love? Should I have found someone new to be with romantically? Was there any need for another man in my life? Well, I will leave that up to you to figure out. Just remember it is not always, what you do that stops you from what you wanted in life. Sometimes in my case, it is something or someone that has been there, and they are pulling at you.

Just remember that he saved me from total and complete destruction, so just think about that. Then you will know how I feel about

other relationships or letting them get into deep with me. So, that is a no I never had another man in my life romantically. Furthermore, afterward, you look back on life and think, maybe I should have done this, or maybe I should have done that, do not waste your time. It is all meant to be even if you cannot foresee it all. The journey is not always clear, however, I always got where I wanted to go, I remember a time when I had an opportunity to find love again in a living form.

But- then I would hear the voices calling out saying ‘Listen you do not need to talk to them… okay. Do not try to ask them on dates or anything… I am all you need… and truthfully I still feel that he was all I ever needed and everything I wanted to be with.’

Life tip- You need to make yourself listen to what you want to hear, even if it is difficult to move on. Life is a fight for what you want. As well as when you find true love, do not let it pass you by, and if you had true love does not give it up for anyone.

Besides, if you want it… you are going to have to battle them all… all the haters just to keep your love alive, remember sometimes you need to let go of the past. However, remember to keep all the good memories that you had together, try to never forget them. I will never forget you all… never- ever.

Over the years, I have come to see it as it is not a true relationship if the person is afraid of what they can and cannot do. All the same, remember that just because it is that way in the stars then does not mean shit, in the

end, everything changes in a moment, life goes by so recklessly, it is the little things, which matter! Only the little things. No matter how bad something is, the good is always coming!

‘All you need is a little faith, and the little things will become all the good big things in your life someday!’

Chapter: 37

Expression of the bygone

All relationships are going to end naturally or not. It is all up to you

and what you want, I choose to stay in this relationship forever, and doing it is too difficult sometimes. Just remember you have choices in life. So, what are you going to listen to? Your inner voice or the ones that are all around you and me?

It is just like we all needed to get off the cyber walls and take our life’s back. The webbed walls were doing nothing but showing names with faces that label others with either good or bad stigmas, it could not be deleted, and it would follow you everywhere you

went… even if you had a past that was made up by someone else it remained with you. It needed to end; it was ripping the world apart. I still believe that we all need to find real friends in person if we can in this day and age, we should not spend all of our free time looking at faces on a screen, that are deceiving what true thoughts of friendship should stand for. Please remember they are not your so-called friends… they are not your friends on there at all, if you do not or cannot talk to them in real life.

Then what in the hell makes, you think you can chat with them on the webbed walls of the internet, and not in real life? They are just there to look into your business, so stop being stupid. They do not care about you at all. They are stopping you from achieving your desires in your life, by talking or chatting behind your back, and how do you truly know what they are saying if you are blocked out, or who it is that is saying it. They do not care about you! So, I ask why should you care about them by having them on

a profile or friends list; it is useless and completely immature?

For instance, as you can be in someone's photo on the walls from the past, yet they do not want you to be tagged with them because of what others might say, or think. Therefore, they go into that album and they delete the photo altogether or remove you from the tag. Thus, you are not a friend or a human being. In my opinion, they are just a despicable asshole, or someone, which cannot think for themselves. You understand- right? I

remember back then some would block me from their profile, really- like who the hell do you think you are?

Do you think that you are better than me? Just summing it all up, you all need to realize that your complete little world, which you lived in, does not mean anything to anyone. You all need to know that I do not need to know everything about how you are or what you are doing. I do not need to see your photos, whom you are dating, and if you are single or taken, what religion you say you believe in, and who

your so-called friends are to you, I truly do not give a shit.

Remember that you are the ones that choose to post all of that to the world. Therefore, if you do not want everyone to see your condescending shit, then stop posting everything to the world for everyone to see.

I can assure you that no one gives a shit about you, and whom you are banging every night, and if they do, then they are the ones that are creepy-right? I think so… keep all your photos, notes, and stories in a book, which

means more to you than anyone else; it is more unique that way. That reminds me, just like the shit that can happen in this town, and all you have is two choices in making a complaint. One is going to the independent police; that does absolutely nothing, but drink free coffee and eat free donuts.

As well as, stalk the blameless people in their cars, and pick on the innocent, like me, and Kristen. It is like we are followed, yet never questioned, so far that look on their faces is that of, we will get you for something! As well

as the other one- number two is filing a complaint with the borough of ‘The Land of Many Steeples.’ So far, they are so corrupt, that nothing is going to be done, to help the people of the town. Most of the council and mayor can be overthrown at any time, by the ones that have so-called more power or the ones that they fear; as it has always been here. However, it is not like they can come to an intelligent decision anyways of what to do. Yet they have power over us and it is out of control,

and that is a true statement, just look around, and you will see!

~*~

The voice that follows you is the one that you choose to listen to. What you have to say about yourself means more, the word friend can mean that there are good ones and evil ones. All you need to do is recollect that statement, and you will see that it is true.

Do not spend your time looking at photos or of people, that you can

never have in your life, or that do not want you in theirs, all I can say is take back your freedom! Whatever happened to the old days? I remember every day we used to hold hands while walking from our bed into the bathroom, and we would get into the hot tub and bathe together in candlelight, with me lying on top of him, that was one of those good old days.

Oh, how we would soap each other up, and he really liked it when he was lying back, and I was bent over

with my head under the faucet when I was washing my hair. Yeah, he was a butt- man what can I say… we were so playful when we were young, and he was with me!

Hitherto, those days' change.

The water would splash as we touched each other everywhere ever so gently all around each other's most ticklish parts. A hand lightly flicking over my raised nipples. Under the water you can see him rubbing my clit in the opposite directions, then his hand moves up my tummy, and slightly

tickles brush me as they go under my armpits. He nibbles on my one nipple, now I am completely leg wrapped sitting on him in the bath. He was behind me rubbing my whole body with his hands, kissing me on the neck and cheeks, whispering in my ear, I bite my bottom lip, moving the movements of sweet love, as he was squeezing my boobs, I go from behind to the front his penis was pointed up, hitting my tummy, as I hold his face with my small hands… Once again, we were two lovers creating a feeling of warmth, and

intimacy, just being happy being together. Then we kiss, with much passion, my hair wet, I glide hump up and down on him and it on my tummy as we sit. His soft fingers on my butt cheeks.

Then he holds me in the middle of my back arm wrapped as he sucks in my nipple longer, then he picks me up, like a little girl that I am, I am hugging his neck and have my legs wrapped around his back, as his penis bonging un my butt crack. Still kissing and moving to the feelings within us for

each other. I flip out my weather in the hold with my nick going for a long-desired kiss.

He kisses my lower lips with his lips, it feels good. I arch my back to his licking, my tongue glides up and down the shaft, rimming the head, then I go all the way down, bobbing for his sighing, I love when there are strings of my spit hanging being pulled away by me- from my lips all attached, then I squeeze him and below the tip. I lick from the bottom up to the bell- end.

He is stalking my hair and I feel his chest, the look on his face is all love and hot lust. I give him a hand rub and then stick it back down in my self-lubed warm mouth, my teeth riming the rim… like my tongue like up and down the full length of seven inches, and yes that goes all own my sweltering- like trout, like what my vagina is doing, as it in the air and exposed to his touch, I stop sucking to kiss him and he takes it, and start sucking it again.

I lick his tummy and him awe-a!

I lick his balls to be in my mouth also, I was worried about this yet he likes it. Then we just fuck- with me on top sliding his hand derating, hugging tightly, me arching my back hips down and it's always down and out, move to the jotting… as I make it go in and out as it comes in from behind fast and then slow. Butt grabbing, slapping, wet wells of mine bidding up to orgasm- over and over as he does inside. AMAZING! We even did it in the sitting passion, where it slings me banging on him in a hug.

WONDERFUL- I said- ‘Come here and kiss me.’ he is now on top after the big and last moment where you can see it all running out of me, her an up-close shot.

~*~

Though no one in this town could stand it, I wonder why?

Speaking of bathing… Every night Chiaz would give Jaylynn a bubble bath when she was a younger girl about ten years old and back, it sticks out in my memory.

He would help her take off all of her clothes from the day. Besides, he would loosen, straighten, and undo her hair, which was in pigtails, one on each side with his fingers. Yeah, they were close, she preferred him over me. You know he was the perfect dad!

Then he would bath her; she would splash water everywhere and she would jump around from laying on her stomach with her but in the air, to sitting, as he tried to clean her up and wash her hair, she was a handful. Plus, then he would pick her up out of the

tub she would be dripping and wiggling around, and she would get him all wet as she would cling around him hugging him around the neck with her arms fastened, and her legs around his lower chest.

Then he would put her down to stand up for herself, and dry her off with a big fluffy pink and brown polka-dotted towel. Also, then he would simply put nothing more on her than a single light pink nightgown over her body; and it had the Disney's Minnie Mouse on it with little bows; because

that is all she wanted to wear to bed. As she got older as a teenager, it just became a single white T-shirt of his, which ended above her knees. Anyways then, he would then carry her to her room every night, and he would tuck her in with her stuffed animal. We would read her a bedtime story from a book. As well as we would kiss her on the forehead, and say good night, sleep tight… honey! As well as, she would say night-e Night! Sometimes I wish for those days back again, because after he was gone… everything changed; and

not for the good as you know. Oh hum- you know she always said that she did not want to live a day without her daddy being there for her. A lot of little girls love their daddy, just a little more. Okay, that is enough of my ramblings. There is someone, I want you to meet! So, be kind to her, please.

Chapter: 38

Just Like Reflections

Hello everyone, I am Kristen! I live with my grandma; I am all she has

at this point, I know that she is a good person, but I think she is a little too grumpy for her good. Nevaeh- Kristen has a very high-pitched squeaky voice also, which is so adorably cute, and unlike any other girl, I ever knew. Her hand can fit into the palm of my hand, her giggling laugh is the only thing that warms me, and feels the emptiness in the space of my heart. Just like a snare drum, I am not so hollow when around her. She just has a way of making my day complete. Without her I would not have any beat or cadence to play, she is

the rhythm to my melody; she is the girl that I always wanted, in my life.

Kristen, your mom was a lot like you! She had blue eyes, however, yours are hazel green. But, just like your mom you are so damn sweet to everyone, she was just like you! Yet you are just like me. Back then, she was all I wanted in my life along with your granddad. But, instead, she had to walk out the door with your dad.

Just remember this…

~*~

Kristen- ‘True love should not be such a game; you need to feel the same about one another.’ ‘Just remember you were not an accident, you were meant to be, and so you could be with me. We are there for each other.’ After Kristen goes to her room at night, I look out my window in the summer, and my wandering eyes overlook the honey golden fields that splash the sunlight in my eyes. Before my eyes blink the sunsets, and the darkness comes to let me know that I am sitting here in my home feeling

alone. In addition to that, the memories of the past start playing in my mind.

Hope!

She- must have felt the same way back in the day, as I do now. I think about my first kiss, which meant so much to me, I think about us that night under the bridge, that is along the walkway where we made love. I remember all the sights of beauty that were worth beholding; they will forever exist in my memory. Yet this body of mine is deteriorating, like sand ever so slowly. I have become what I never

thought I would become; I have become a person just like Hope! Now I see what her life was like; now I know why she was the way she was with me, all times in history seemed to repeat, along with people that are a part of that history. Do you know what I mean?

(One day has passed.)

Kristin, she is like the colorful blossoms on my tree of life now! Look at this house, look at the life I have had what does it stand for… what?

What do you think it stands for Kristen? Asked by- Nevaeh? Kristen said- ‘I do not know yet, you have not said anything yet that makes any sense to me. But that is okay I still love- yah!’

Nevaeh- So just to have her know, that I am even there even now that's what I call love. Wishing her a good night, and some sweet dreams even though she is not a little girl anymore, is what I live for; and seeing what the next day brings with her beside me, is what I look forward to, she is my life and my existence now. I

like to tell her that love should be that cupid's arrow, which strikes at a most unlikely time; or you may realize that they have been in front of you all along. That is what love is all about. I like to tell her that a relationship will change her in many ways for good or bad.

That is a time when a new relationship looks like it is about to deliver on the promises that come with it. Life may never be the same again without them.

Nevaeh- asked Kristen- ‘What is love to you?’

Kristen- Okay I remember the first time I had sex it was in the store's men’s bathroom where I work, on the floor with this boy. Yeah, he was riding me, and going in so hard; I had my legs lifted up and on top of his shoulders.

Nevaeh- Oh god! I do not need to know that… said Nevaeh, that is not romantic, that is a sick girl. You are not even seventeen yet!

That shit should have been priceless to you, and it should have been precious to you also, and saved for marriage or the right one! At least

love the guy! I cannot believe you would waste that moment.

Kristen- you asked, and oh, Grandma you are so old-fashioned… plus he was so cute… it is not like that at all; it was not that type of love- I do not consider that, love at all.

Yes, maybe so… whispered Nevaeh… however, in my day we would have not even thought about doing such a thing in that way, without knowing you are in love with them, regardless of what you did. No- do not tell me, I do not want to know.

Kristen- Maybe you're right, maybe I should have loved him, all we were was just friends with benefits, maybe more I have to see what happens. Though I do not think that being romantic is dead these days, it does exist I hope so anyway.

I also believe as you do that you just need to be with the right guy, which can show you what real expressions of love is! But I do think like you, that it is hard to find these days when you are afraid to make a

move; because you never know what will turnabout and happen.

Nevaeh- Oh yes to be under the spell of a girl or guy is like getting hit below the belt, when you have a love like this see, it is going to be like instant nausea. That is what I told her. Yet I know that she is going to be the only one that I can love, she is the one, the only one.

The only girl that I need to be around now other than my angels.

However, the others still haunt me and tease me every so often. They toy with me and play around in my dreams and my day-to-day household tasks.

That reminds me that I am all alone in my old age, and Kristen has grown up too fast and will be moving on without me, that day is coming too soon.

So maybe I should get some more pet cats, and become that crazy cat lady, they say I am.

Kristen’s father Lance does not speak to me as a spirit; as far as I am concerned, he can burn in hell in the lake of fire, for what he did to my daughter and granddaughter. I have nothing, nothing at all to say to him never- ever!

So, when it comes to spirits that I can channel it just depends on who they were, and what they choose to be in life. Some do not want to be heard and others do not shut up.

Just like thinking about Jaylynn back in the days, we had together

before the beginning of the end. Ha, I am getting a vision, oh yes- I remember this day, Kristen comes here, and let me tell you about this story.

One night in the graveyard, your mom told me about the time that she nearly drowned when she was fourteen years old.

Back then, I had no idea that lance your dad would come into this house, and would watch as your mom was bathing, and he would hold her down under the water in the bathtub,

by her hair if he did not get what he wanted.

That was the first time he laid his hands and fingers on her, or so your mom said to me.

Kristen- ‘How do you know that?’

Nevaeh- ‘I just do!’

I guess after your granddad’s depth, I did not see anything clearly, just as she was under the water; I had that same view in my mind. So, that

must have been the same night and the way they conceived you, Kristen.

Kristen- ‘That’s a bizarrely vile grandma!’

Nevaeh- To this very day I could slaughter that boy for what he did to my lovely little girl, or at least beat him over the head with my shoe, yeah that would work.

There is nothing like a spur from your boot, going into the side of their temple, to show your hatred. -am I right? Yes, I speculate I will always be a

farm girl at heart, sort- of- speak! No one will take that away from me, not even in this day and age. Nonetheless, that did not stop me from dropping my pants and squatting down to the ground and spraying piss on, and as well as all over his grave and gravestone! Yes, she even did it too.

Ha- that could be one for the photo album he- he. Now that is funny! Maybe Kristen's father, but I have no respect for the man and neither does Kristen… no one will if it is up to me. Do not get me wrong I respect the ones

that should be respected, I will honor them… I like to put flowers on the graves for all of my loved ones. One day I added white handmade wooden crosses with solar lights for them so that their bodies are never in darkness, their souls are not there, yet it shows I care, they see that. Thinking back on the years that have passed and I have forgotten about this, Jaylynn would sing to me, she had the voice of an angel!

You know that Kristen looks, and sounds just like her… I do believe that reincarnation is possible… do you?

So, I gave Kristen all the poems I have, because she would hide them under her pillow anyway, plus now they have been made into songs, that Kristen plays for me on this old piano; that sits here in the living room, it’s been here as long as I could remember. Speaking of musical instruments to this day- I still have Jaylynn’s old Fender Stratocaster guitar, the wood is now cracked on the fingerboard of the neck, and the high E string is broken, it most likely will never play a song in tune again. However, Jaylynn had painted a

gorgeous white-winged angel on it, and she signed it with her name, also she added an X and O.

I always knew her heart was in the right place. He was the way she is… the way she is, now. You know I do not have the heart to throw it away; it was played with love and compassion by her. So, I plan on giving it to Kristen, so that maybe we can get it working again if I have the energy. It is on my to-do list! A list that seems to get longer as my days are getting shorter. I remember back in my life there were

days, that I just wanted to get up and run into the sunset and never look back… there were days that I just wanted to scream at everyone at the hellhole.

There were days where I was running from myself… There were days I was running to him for love and understanding, and there were days that I was running away from everything that the tower started.

We all have been running for our lives.

Running never stops, not even to look up, other than to eat, sleep and shit and piss the day away. Nevertheless, running so fast in this sprint, my loved ones and I collapsed to the track below and were not able to finish our marathon, the way it should have been.

Yet I feel that I am still walking to get where I am going, but I like them to contemplate if it is taking us anywhere, or aiding anyone in away. I have learned to slow down now, now that they are not behind me so much,

and take it all in, and let it go for the most part. Some are gone from the race, and some stay to watch to the bittersweet end. Run! Run! -away from the throbbing hurt, run away from the reflection that is you, that is so much like me! Run- I say, run and never- ever look back, you can never look back!

Chapter: 39

What I am Truly Living For

It is interesting that when Kristen is asleep, I check in on her

often. You know there is nothing more comforting than hearing her snoring away, she is so adorable, in every way! I do this for two reasons, one that I have a hard time sleeping at night, or sleeping at all. Two- that I want to make sure that she is still breathing, because- I do not think I could take another loss or heartbreak.

What is left of my motionless heart is just two weeks old, and she is the only one that I love left in my life. I look around the room, and the white long lace curtains are still on the

windows and they are tied back, with lavender ribbons, and the windows are up and open, without worry, I can feel the breezes and see the laciness, dance in that soft draft blowing around the octagon part of the room. Where my old wood desk with the typewriter on top is located, not much has changed other than the young girl in the bed. That is the only bedroom that is used in these three-bedroom farmhouses now.

I know that she is content, holding her teddy bear, under her canopy bed, she may be seventeen in

two weeks, but as for now, she will always be my little girl. The crystal chandelier is dimmed as low as it can go, with a slightly flickering soft glimmering creamy dim light of warmth. So, now that I know that everything is okay, I shut the door keeping, it cracked slightly.

Before I will shuffle, my feet back down the staircase, making my way back to my old lazy boy chair, which is in the living room, the room where I spend most of my days now. Then I am going to stare out the

window, at the obscure blackened lands until the sunrise's ones again… so that I know that I have seen another day, and I can recall all the memories once more. As the fog lifts and the rays' shine through my window like they did when I was a young girl.

I remember- Hope saying to me when I was a girl 'Early to bed and early to rise, she'll make us healthy, wealthy, and wise.' Hope used to say that to me every night; I still try to believe that is so… maybe. Nonetheless, I cannot help but scratch

my head and mutter in my mind these very questions. Just because one is wealthy, does not mean that they need to be a dick to everyone that has less- right? Just because one is healthy, does not mean that they cannot become deathly sick- right?

Plus, some smart people are not very wise at all as you should know that- right? So, that saying just does not work for me. Likewise sleeping away, something that has become more of a need for me, but is hard to obtain. Because not many out there know what

it is like to have younger transparent ghostly like angels in transparent white all up in your face; being playful and animated around you all the time. Even when I take my glasses off, they are showing up on my face as clear as day. It makes it hard to slumber throughout the night. But that is okay… what can I say, I do not need it anyways, yet it would help me look more rested- I presume.

Why?

For the reason that I am going to realize that, I am all alone when I am

not alone. That even the dreams, which I have, are just as painful as being awake. Not painful as being injured or cut, but painful in its emotional and psychological makeup. So, undervaluing it can be difficult, and it is straining on my old dying brain to grasp what to make of it all. So, most of the time, I just put the music player on, which is part of the wall screen television. Then listen to the ancient classic rock station that is way up in the thousands, softly in the background.

Yes, as I sit like a stone and I ponder everything, just like a stone skipping over a smooth pond that I tossed back in the days, I went in the garden, I sink into the vision depths of the past, just like a pebble. Just like a Chicago song; Jaylynn is my inspiration, Kristen she is now what gives me my life meaning, and she is the only thing that gives me any feeling. So, without her, I am just an empty body. I can still see Hope's husband dragging on his tobacco pipe, with it off to the one side in his mouth. I recall what he said when

I was a little girl not long before he passed… he was a bitter person, to say the least.

‘You will never be contented because you say dumb things, and do dumb things.’ I often wonder if he was right or not. Sorry to say that I have never missed that man at all; all these years, some souls do not deserve to rest in peace. ‘It is just like every saint is a sinner that keeps on trying for their worthy nobility.’ ‘Just like every cop is a criminal.’ Just like everyone gets a turn, in time good or bad.’ So, I guess what

the real question is- what is coming after you?

Do you know or are you clueless? See I disagree with what he said about me because at least I knew what was coming in my life. Yet he did not see it coming until it was too late. So, he was the dumb shit not me, when you think about it! I never regretted leaving home with my love, and I never stopped loving him either; unlike he did with hope, she knew about it. But she did not care about anything other than housework… let’s just say he was

playing around with another family's daughter, that he should not have been playing with, and the stresses were too much for him to take on. I will let you put the pieces together for yourself. You know- That girl always did get what she wanted! Yes, even an old man!

Chapter: 40

Past Doors in My Heart

So yes, I still go to the same church, which I have gone to all my life;

and I give what I can. I sit in the back, with Kristen by my side; she is the only youth there. It seems that faith is gone, just like everything else in this land. I have paid for all my sins, and that is what I want Kristen to know; I always tried to do the right things at all times. That I liked to think before I do something; because you never know… you just may have to live with it all your life, and it stays with you forever. Then when I go back to my home it is just like clockwork, I can hear Jaylynn

whispering, saying I am still with you, and I love you, I l-ov-e you!

It is drawn out, and sweet and soft as well as lingering and haunting. It makes the hair on my arms stand up. Yet it is stimulating and yet melancholy all at the same time. Kristen must think that I am going completely loopy or plum loco… ha, ha, and ha! Well, I am getting older; she thinks that all old people are irrational. Hell, I was the same way at her age. Saying that- 'I hope I will die before I get old.' Who in the hell used to say that good shit?

Well, I cannot remember… Was it the Who? I have seen a lot come and go in my life; I just wish I could remember all of it though. I never really wanted to live a day without Chiaz next to me, I remember one of my dates with him; I remember we went to this little amusement park, which has the oldest standing… to this very dayside friction wooden roller coaster, it was built in 1902.

Oh, yes, I remember it has these big old comfy train cars, that sit two in the front and two in the back,

they rattle back and forth on the track. However, we loved it because you could not help but bump into one another's hips, and put your hands on one another's knees and legs. That was the first time he put his hand down the front of my skirt and groped my one breast through my pink striped spaghetti strap tank top. I think of us spending the day at that park; and seeing all the lights come on at night on all the rides, on those summer nights. I recall that everything on that ride was done by hand. Like them

pushing the car on the chain to go up the lift hill of 41 feet. I recall that the stopping was done by a man. Which would pull on a handle to have the wood brakes grind the train car to a halt when you were coming into the station.

The roller coaster next to the lake has a top speed of 15 miles per hour not fast, but it was romantic for its day, I remember back to those days I have lived far too long. On this roller coaster was the first time I put my arm around him, and we became more than

friends. That last leap you get airborne and get to snuggle up with your love and squeeze what you like. I know what I had my hand on!

Us… holding hands, with me holding cotton candy.

Us… drinking soda out of the same bottle.

Us… kissing repeatedly as we walk along.

Us… riding on the double-decker carousel, with the sound of the

Wurlitzer band organ playing its cheerful medley in the background.

Us… in the same rocking seat on the huge Ferris wheel snuggled up.

Us… going to the water park in our swimsuits.

Us… going down all the highest slides, with me in front and him in back of me as we were on the same inner-tube together.

Us… going on the little steam train to get cooled off, while it chugged and puffed along, as we were riding

through the trees with me sitting on his lap.

Us… is no longer, but he is with me forever. I do remember when we were…

Us!

(For months has passed)

Kristen- I cannot get away from my boyfriend. He is not my true love, or lust, or much of a boyfriend. He is more like my stocker, which I am in a relationship. I am all he wants and all he wants is one thing from me, and that

is not what I want from him. Yeah- you know what that one thing is, that is stopping me from telling him off. It is that I am afraid of what he might do to me if I do get away and he finds me, yet I must get away. Sometimes I just wish I could fly away from here like a bird… and nest somewhere new, and start a family of my own. But that is not going to happen anytime soon with what I have to put up with. Yet I have gotten to see what it is like to have a real man! Because I think I am in love with someone else, yes, I am more than

seventy percent sure that I love him. I have a plan, and it is not going to be easy for me to do. But it is what has to be done; if I want to live another free day or live at all.

Matt Shezor is his name, he is my boyfriend of about two years, and it started so good, the way it should, and just went downhill from there… Now I am trapped. He doesn't love me at all…

He is related to Melvin somehow, but that is not important right now.

All I know is that I NEED to getaway! I WANT to be with someone ELSE… but I CANNOT! Besides, me saying I can't doesn't work for me at all, I cannot say that I love him anymore. I do not know if I loved him at all.

~*~

Nevaeh- Sometimes I get so preoccupied trying to make everything perfect in doing my everyday routines. That I forget to appreciate the things, which are already perfect. Maybe that is why nothing in my life stays that

way? What is PERFECTION? All I know is that I had it in my life and LOST it all. Nothing in my life is perfect. The tower hexes always find a way to exterminate them all from me one way or another. The clan friends always find a way… yes to END IT ALL for me. My mind is achy half on and half off, most of the time. Now that she has gone away. My dreams are the true reality. So, it seems to me, then when I am awakened, I am frightened by what I do not see, and curious about what I do.

Yet I am so proud of her for doing what she HAS TO DO.

No- my words cannot explain the true emotions that I feel towards her, as of now. I said to Kristen do not THROW your life away!

Just for me to be happy if you are unhappy. Go-! Go and be happy! This is what you want, and what you need to do then- OKAY! Like always what she is going to do is all out of my hands. Nonetheless, you can only TALK to someone like her so much. I am not going to hold her back now or ever; it is

her life. Young people are going to do what they want to do. I was the SAME WAY back in the day, ha… but she does not need to know that. It is just my time to move on. Furthermore, I lose another girl I love. Just to think that my little girl is going to be having her seventeenth birthday, it just seems like yesterday, that she was on my doorstep, so much has changed since then. So, this is what is taking place just like me, Kristen had her boyfriends on and off. Yes, all was fine with all of them or so we thought.

However, the one that wanted her the most is the one that did not want a baby or marriage, yet he did not want to let her go. I think because he was one of them or a friend of theirs! Matt, he did not want to find someone else, after two years of dating my granddaughter, and doing the same things over and over you get sick of a guy's bullshit. I believe that he had a mission to kill Kristen, and he was not going to rest until the job was done. His family always believed that I was the reason that Melvin died.

Why?

I do not know…? Maybe it was; because Melvin and I had a one-night stand not long before…? I guess I was blamed for that too. Maybe, it is just what has been passed down, from clan to towering clan? Maybe, it is because I and Chiaz ran away and got married, and they were jealous of us, that we got away with all of it?

Maybe, I am just losing my mind! It is just like… have you ever been in love, yet you had to let them go, and start a new life once more? Yet

knowing that not far away is all the pain, hatred, and the obsession is still out there trying, so hard to get at you, or them. This was on my mind a lot back then with Kristen's so-called boyfriend. He drives up in a piece of shit car, and honks the horn three times; and my sweet innocent granddaughter goes running out the door in a short skirt, to him like he is the only guy in the world.

Matt is the ass hole that deflowered my little girl. I cannot stand him! We have told him to stay away;

nevertheless, he keeps coming back like a bad dream. Matt is a cocky blue-bald punk. Call me old-fashioned, but I still think that when you take a girl out you should meet her at the door of the home, and walk her to the door, and even open the carriage door for her. If a boy would have done that back in my day… my God! He would never hear the end of it. It is just not right. How things have changed. Not only that but Matt expects her to pay for the date, the food, or whatever they do. Plus, then he wants to bump, grind, and hump on

Kristen too. -Good, God! Talk about selfishness, yet she thought at the time that he is the only one with one in his trousers.

They're young and dumb with nothing more than horny puppy-like lust. Back in my day, you walked the girl up to the door, and maybe you got a little kiss, now these days' these kids put their tongues down each other's throats, along with other things on the first date. Yes, it is sickening to see and hear about. I remember that one day I told him that- 'I have bolt cutters in the

basement, and I am not afraid to use them on you.' That is what I said to Matt. It did not do any good…

'He just said- 'You would like that wouldn't you.' That was the very day about two months back, they both went and they got back in his car that was in the yard. They made out before he drove away off into the sunset, like a bat out of hell with her. Yet she did not have a choice I feel, he forced her into the car that day.

That was the last time I ever saw Kristen! She did absolutely the

same thing I did when I was a girl, yet I came home. So, maybe I got paid back for what I did to Hope. Yet her story turned out somewhat different than mine. Just like, I have said not everything ends with a happy ending, only a new beginning. I do not look at her with eyes of judgment; I only look at her with eyes of mercy, which is unconditional love. Only eyes with love do I see her. I have to give her room to grow into what God planned for her to be, and judge her for what I do not understand; it is not going to help me,

or her. Where she is- is not where she is going to stay, or end up, I have to feel that way.

'What you choose to do affects everyone, plus anyone that you love… thinking for yourself is everything; believe me!' The little runaway girl has become his fool; she has gone away, and she had to drop out of school. The runaway girl is far away and out of control. I do not know what to do, and it is taking its toll, you are just going to have to find your way out of this hole.

Chapter: 41

Stranger Danger

Nevaeh- There is always someone in the way or so it seems. I believe in not saying too many negative words so that I can receive my blessings, which will surely come in due time, and can bring me joy. Yet I cannot see why this was meant to be like always in all my lives. My Kristen was my everything to me, but she left me to be with him, but was it what she wanted? In addition to that I do not

want to leave my home or live alone, is this the time- the right time to break on through to the other side or maybe, maybe not.

Kristen- Matt kidnapped me! He was planning to kill me! He said that he was going to put my dead body in the woods, that he had the perfect spot. That he could cover me over with the brush, that was there… out in the middle of nowhere. So, no one would find me until my body would rot and smell to the high heavens. Will I live or will I die? He said that he wanted to do

it slowly and diligently over some time to make sure I would feel as much pain that could be felt. In the car, his first stop along this journey through hell was a small one-room cabin out in the woods, with no power, no main roads, nothing, nothing for me to think about other than death. That is where we went first, and he tied me down in that shack, to the one old lone bed, as well as flopped on top nonstop on me for many days.

Of course, for many days I laid on top of that bed so vulnerable, for

him at any time to do as he wanted. Never able to move, as he had that zeal glimmer in his eyes, all I could do is shake and squirm slightly in my pee and other substances like that. Yes, he loved to shine the light off of that large shiny knife blade in my face, to show me what he was capable of doing also if I did not give it all up to him when he wanted it. Oh, how he would, inject sedation drugs into me every chance he got, I could not fight him off, I could not beat him off enough, so he would put

me to sleep, so he could be as rough as he wanted to be. He had me worn out!

He would handcuff me to the one murky lone bed in that room; spread out naked as the day I was born. As you could imagine looking just like a starfish stuck on the side of a rock, yet strapped down with his belts, ropes, and his dirty underwear in my mouth so that I would not scream for help, up until then there was no one around for miles, to hear me anyway, as I would scream bloody murder.

My voice would echo back through the trees at me, as it seemed, and he would cackle ruthlessly. All that was on my face! Just like his offensive nasty hot sweat from his brow, that would land on my chest and drip down my belly down me, as I got ever more repulsed, by his actions, that he was doing to me.

Yet, I was seeing, feeling, and tasting it all. At all those moments in time, I felt it all. At night, he would chain me to a tree outside, with only a doghouse to sleep in and yes, I was

completely nude, while he slept inside the cabin on that same filthy bed I was on, and no he did not see the need in cleaning up at all. I could not sleep from what he did, and also the fear I would not wake up the next day, and also my skin was crawling because of all the fire ants, centipedes, and worms engulfing me.

Affirmatively, I had bugs in places, which a girl never wants any bug to go into, or scuttle around. I remember that I would sketch the days in the wood of the rusty red doghouse

with a rock. I was there for three or more weeks, without a bath, clothing, and real food, without anyone knowing, that I was being used as nothing more than a plaything, just like a dog’s chew toy. I found myself wanting and longing to eat the bugs, which were on me, just to stay alive.

Before that, I remember how he would make me get out of the car on the way they're undressed like always. He would make me run down the road while he would rev that old classic 2014 Hemi type of car, he called it as a

street rod, I call it a death trap. Yes, I knew it was a Hemi challenger shaker because I could see the emblems getting ever closer and closer to me, and the car getting bigger and bigger as it was coming at me on the hood and grill! I could smell the burning rubber, the old oil with the gas, and the tar from the road I was standing barefoot on. I knew the only thing that would identify me would be this black and white feathery dream catcher tattoo I have on my left foot. Yet, that is if he

would not come back and cut that skin off me as a souvenir.

He was a freak like that! I could see the car approaching faster and faster like those round LED headlights coming at me like eyes! As I was sprinting looking over my back-left shoulder, thinking this is how I am going to die! The sound rumbling and roaring coming out of those tailpipes is something that will haunt me, I am sure of that, this car had modern muscle, like a throwback to the past!

I had a fast thought of I am just going to be posted here spread eagle for some poor person to find me. Surely, after, I am roadkill; yes, I felt as if I was going to be his canvas for his twisted artwork! I was running for my life barefoot. I could feel the stones cut me up as I was trying to outrun his car over and over, he was teasing me by speeding up and slowing down for miles, it was a sick game to him! Just flat-out terrifying to me! I even tried running into a wheat field, and he chased me with his car until I was

trapped, and I got pinned up against a barbwire fence and he then floored it, and the wires ripped into my back and my butt, and legs.

Oh, how it was a wonder I was not cut completely in half, or decapitated! I do not know why he stopped, he could have killed me then and there, no he wanted me to feel more pain. Oh, what he called his love! I ran! I dashed! I jogged! I sprinted until I could not run anymore and he was behind the wheel laughing his head off at me falling tripping to the

concrete, and gravel, and then I had to get back up and run some more. He would run that reddish-orange Dodge Challenger with the black racing stripes; bumper right up on me until it touched my nude petite butt, as I was running, and I know there was nowhere to run but forwards down the road, all day until late evening and the nightfall. Besides, after I collapsed from exhaustion, he would scoop me up and throw me back into the car, and get his way once more, and I would be too tired to fight him off me.

That was the plan all along. The most painful thing he did to me pulled, tug, yank, and jerk on my ring down there with his teeth, and also a pair of oxidized old needle nose pliers. I thought at one point that he was going to rip it off me entirely. -Ouch! Oh yes, I remember coming awake after being drugged out of my mind, and him asking me… if I loved him… and I would have to say… yes! I like what you are doing to me. I had to play along, yet I was ripping apart inside with all kinds of frustrations.

Yeah, how could I forget, he even put a dog shock collar on me, so running away was not something I could do. Also, my feet and hands were chained and immobilized together, with sharp spiked like prickly shackles. I recall that he even stabbed the tree that I was chained to with the claw of his old rusty hammer, and then he said- 'That is going to be you- my baby.'

Matt- 'If you run from me, I will get you; but you know that I love you! Do not stray away because if you do, I will nail every one of your toes and

wrists to this tree right here, and you can hang from it, in the air, and you can think about what you did wrong- my baby.' He said- (In a spineless, bone-chilling, creeper voice!) Matt- 'Truly, I will do it, and you will be awake to see it all, as well as feel it go through one by one, and swing by hammering swing. You see all of these corroded nine- inch nails there for you- my baby!' He said- (I did not think his voice could get any creepier, however, it did! As he was showing me the

hammer and nails. He was utterly insane and mad.)

Kristen- So you know I ran… and he got me. He had his belt in hand ready to whip me, and he did repeatedly until I fell to the ground, with him straddling me, his hand touching me, he started pinching me, and that is when he pierced my nipple with an old rusty nail. ‘Honey hush,’ he said as I screamed, even more, the second time; because I knew the pain was picking and nearing. He laughed-

‘Saying now everything matches!’ I recall him saying this- as he pulled me up dragging me by the hair.

‘Good now your bare ass can rub up on the bark of the tree, and then I can smack it later on tonight. You would like that? Wouldn’t you? My little bitch!’

Kristen- I had to say- ‘Yes, Yes- I would!’ I screamed louder than I have ever had in my entire life! For the reason that I knew what was coming! I could see him coming with the cruel tools in hand! I was thinking to myself.

‘Please God don’t let him have a screwdriver.’’ Because knew what he would do with it, and where it would be shoved in! Just for the hell of it, he drew a target on my tummy with my lipstick and started throwing tools like wrenches, trying to hit the same spot. I thought for sure something of his was going to go deep inside me. He looked at me, flashing scissors, and said in a sick way. ‘Look, baby, these are the same scissors your momma used to slit her wrist. He slapped them in my hand, and said it is your choice; you can do

the same thing she had the choice of... What do you say? You know these are the very same scissors, that gave your mother the episiotomy that brought you into this world. Now they can be the same scissors to take you out.'

Gasping for breath in being so appalled, I remember saying- 'What did I do to you?'

He said- 'It is not what you did to me, it is what they want, and what I was asked to do, and what they will do to me if I don't!'

I said- ‘Who are they?’ He whispered in my ear, as well as he bit it- my earlobe with his teeth afterward saying. - ‘You are that stupid? I knew it! Will If I tell you, I will have to kill you.’ He said- (In a very paranoid, yet almost cocky tone of voice.)

So, I yelled back- ‘Just do it- you- vain shit-face!’

That is when he did it, one by one. Yes, one toe by toe, all the nails went in and through my fingernails and flesh. This happened to my hand, palm, and wrists one nail at a time. (Bang!

Bang! Bang!) Until the point that I was able to suspend from them alone on the tree. The same tree that he carved our names into, saying forever and ever. I have to say at that point I did not want to live, saying get me down!

Then he yelled- ‘Not yet- my baby!’

As he walked back into the cabin to nap, as I was hanging about three feet off the ground on the tree. It was even more excruciating than you can imagine hanging there, for about five hours. Without a doubt, I must

have passed out from the pain and blood loss. He even had a pail underneath me to collect the blood I dropped, that he made me drink, as did he, yet he said he was going to keep some and a glass jar to give to his family.

(That is weird, I thought! What is he like a vampire?) I recollect when he tugs and pulled me down from the tree, with the nine-inch nails still pounded in and through me, and I fell to the bloody muddy ground as he ripped open my wounds even more as

he yanked me down, as I slid down off the tree. Then he said- ‘You are not going to run away, again, are you?’

I whimpered- ‘No!’ Besides, he said- ‘Now are you going to take what I have for you, or do I have to thrust it down like before? Are you going to be a good girl, and not complain! Alternatively, do I have to punish you more if you don’t?’ I said- ‘No! I will do what you want!’ I was thinking about what happened to you, you are not the boy I fell in love with? What is wrong

with you? He was never in love with me…!

The days went by so slowly, and all I did was cry, the whole time, I would have to say another week has passed. I was left in the mud, rain, and wind, cold and lonely partly barred in my shit and piss, I was treated worse than an animal. Yes, worse than even back when I was a young child, I guess it goes without saying- ‘Don't take anything for granted.’

Yes- I was making a plan in my head of what I needed to do to run

again, yet I did not get the chance. Then one night we left that place, we drove away, and we stopped along the dirt path, and then he took his clothes off, I was still the way I was from the weeks past. Yet again, he got what he wanted over and over in his back seat of his car. At that point, he tied me up once more. Then he forced me into the trunk of his car because he said that I was fighting him far too much. I thought that he loved me! I thought I was in love. There was a day I would have done anything for that boy.

However, he did not want me for anything other than his favorite types of sex, and to push me around, and be his little weak bitch!

Nevaeh- that night I did not call the cops because I knew that they would not do anything to help her or me. So, I just let it go… I let her go. To quote Hope she used to say to me that I was like a lost puppy, and now I think that about Kristen. The saying goes- ‘If you leave them alone, they will come home wagging their tails behind them.’

I just hope she comes back to me alive, and not as a spirit, that haunts me too.

Kristen- So I was in the back of his car trunk, and I was all cut up and naked from his beatings and poundings. Yes, he even made me bend over, I did not have a choice… besides my hands were tied with my own now ripped-up panties, yapper… with what used to be my cute purple butterfly thong panties. Besides, my feet were tied with my bra that matched; oh, how he treated me like a dog, which was the only style that he liked, now come to think of it. In the

trunk I was tossed, I was wrapped in a black plastic garbage bag, and it was closed at the top with duct tape.

Left to die!

Somehow, I managed to get loose by chewing myself free with my teeth and wiggling around. It was black in there, and I hate the dark! As well as the air was thinning with that smell of shit, he had to take a dump on my chest… that was all in the bag with me. I mean come on. He said that I was nothing, but something to shit on! That I have to take all of his shit, I did not

realize he meant that so literally. It was like when I was in her basement all over again. At that moment, it took me back to that point in my life, when I was seven years old or even younger.

I got away! Yes, I got away! While the car was driving along, I picked the lock on the trunk lid from the inside and rolled myself out onto the moving pavement below, talking about road rash, thankfully, my butt was all that was ripped up! After I saw the taillights fade, away into the darkness of that night, I ran like hell, to

be anywhere that I could go to get as far away as possible! Thank god, it was dark out! I ran so far and so fast, there was nothing around me but trees, and that was even scarier than being on the road.

There was no moon that night, no stars, just darkness, and things crunching and breaking under my hurting raw feet, no light at all for me to see ahead or in back of me. Certainly, I just kept thinking in my mind, he could get me at any time, I was thinking about all the ways he said

he would do it too, I could see that red-painted hatchet and that black hammer with its rusty nails beside it, in my mind. What should I do? I was panic-stricken! I was surely having an asthma attack, hyperventilating, or something like that, as I was now crawling on all fours for my freedom, just like that day; I was dumped and dropped off at my grandma's door.

So, what do I do now? I have no money, no clothes, and I have no idea where I am at. I was freaking out! The only thing I could do was walk in

the woods, which is what I did, I stopped at this big log, and I rested before going back to the paved road. I knew that was the only way, I would make it through the night, I could not stay there. I had to get help! Help- Help- me- please- some- buddy!

H-e-l-p M-E!

(Frantically crying weekly saying.)

From that moment, I made the choice to hitch-hike! I stood stripped freezing and dying there with a thumb

out in the air of night, my dirty auburn brown hair stuck to my chest and back, I was feeling hairy and fuzzy and nasty seeing what my- underarms and legs and everything in-between looked like, so, guerrilla, and so, yucky. I knew I smelt worse than the old barn, which is in the side yard of my homeland, that I was missing so much at the time. No! No, the girl should ever have to feel like this, as I did! Yet, car after terrifying car was passing me up like a dirty shirt and splashing me with the

puddle water of the road and side trench.

NO!

They did not care enough to stop! However, the whole time, I was wondering if one of those numerous cars was him coming at me! Then one finally stopped! I could not even tell you what the car looked like, or what color it was because that was not important to me at the time. I did not care what it looked like, or what the person inside looked like, as long as I could live! When fighting for your life,

you forget about all the superficial things, which do not matter.

That is when I met him for the first time, the cutest boy ever!

Brandon Carol; was the man that I was looking for all along, it was love at first sight for me, for many reasons as you could imagine! But what a way to meet him, not such a great first impression; So anyways he offered to take me home, which was a three-day drive out of his way. It was like love at first sight for us, he like saw into me, and not at me, if that makes any sense.

It did not matter what I looked like at the moment. He saved me!

He is my hero! He got us one-bedroom rooms at these fancy hotels along the way, and I finally got to take a bath at last. I slept with him just because he made me feel safe, strange I know. So, before all that, I wore his long tan jacket into the first hotel to get a room. The girl Jacky I think her name tag recited. She looked at me from behind the service desk and just observed me dumbfounded, yet did not ask. I am glad he did all the talking;

however, that look on her face said it all, she knew I went through an ordeal. She was wondering what she was seeing if it was all for real, and it was…!

He got me new dresses at the shops in the towns and underclothes too and took me to find restaurants, I never ate like that in my life. What a guy! I was safe at last! In his care! Before that, I knew at the time… one thing that would be hard to remove would be to cut off the GPS tracking device bracelet that was on my ankle.

That he put on me, as I was knocked-out the first time he got me.

It- the tracker had a red blinking light on it, and the band was thick and tight on my ankle, just like the dog collar, however, Brandon got them off me when I explained what happened. Lucky for me he had his work toolbox in the back of his car. Everything was off me; I threw it down onto the pavement, so hard that it smashed into many pieces on the ground. Still, at that moment, I was not wearing anything, and that was

awkward; yet I felt free once more by stomping and jumping on that tracking device, in the hotel parking lot. I am sure if anyone was watching from the veranda's they were thinking I was nuts. Nevertheless, I was wondering if he was still following me, up till now I was so happy to be alive, I simply forgot it was on me… so- dumb- I no!

Neveah- And there she was on my doorstep again! When I saw her, I could see what she went through, and I could not help but say, I told you so, and I love you. I am so happy that you

are okay! I felt that you would be. I felt that you would come back to me!

My sweet- sweet little girl, you will be safe now! I squeezed her so firm in a bear hug; I nearly broke her back into two. Furthermore, it was as if we were never away from one another, yet we both know now entirely what it is like to be taken advantage of…! It was all the same for her and me. I had my little girl back- ‘Like teddy bears and chocolate.’ Is the bond just getting stronger? I did not want to see her go away!

Because she was mine for a little while once more; but that is when I told her that she needed to go and get away from the tower's clans, for the reason that she was ‘Hexed to be next.’ There was only one thing she could do, and that is what she did! I know I will miss her, and so will her new friend. Yet this is what had to be done, there was no other choice! But- for her to do this…!

Chapter: 42

Entrapments

(A couple of days later)

Nevaeh- There is always someone or something in the way, or so it seems. I believe in not saying too many words so that I can receive my blessings that will bring me joy.

My Kirsten was my everything to me, but she will be moving out soon. It is what she has to do. In addition to that, I do not want to leave my home or

live alone, what am I going to do now? I want to stay here. I am not leaving!

Yet someone has to be with me. You know I wonder if this new plan will work or not? She was friends with Matt online, that is how they became an item when they were so-called dating, and what you see and read on there is and was a whole lot different, than what she saw in real life with him, as you know.

So, with me looking back over my life it is funny to me, that with all these technical advancements, that man has made and added to the world.

I have witnessed throughout my life. They said that linking the world was the answer and the fix for this crazy world we live in. That we all needed this junk, yet it has done nothing but destroy everything I feel. You can believe I was just fine back in the glory days of trusting someone with a handshake. Those days are gone forever,

I am afraid to say; the webbed twisted networking will never completely die. It will rip everyone apart first, instead of joining them.

There is no trust anymore.

You can be sure I have done a background check on Kristen's new friend already, and he seems to be alright, the report was clean. As well as, I have a good feeling about him. Yet I cannot place what that feeling is, just yet.

Yes, it would safely say that I liked him from the start. Yet, they have never found a way to fix other- people's stupidity. That is something that cannot be fixed. There is not a thing you can do if they will not listen and learn, so

far you have to try, and not say you did. So, there is one simple truth really; you cannot fix ignorance. Just like you cannot have senseless teachers either, to have a good education, and people dare to say that I am simple-minded.

Well, at least I am oh so wise! You did not have to have that in writing to see that, yet would you have appreciated my smarts, if it was not all written down onto this paper. Now, do you see what I mean?

Sometimes you have to look at people differently, to see their true

story. Just as you cannot believe all the stories, you hear. Will you see for yourself that was not true, if you have a brain in your head to comprehend? Ignorance is forever if you choose to be that way. So, now do you understand that I am not an ignorant person, nor was I ever?

(Flashback)

I remember back the sisters would want to take turns making out, kissing, and sucking on me and Lily; and the others that were in their group circle of pain. Yes, in front of everyone

in the halls, this came back to my mind, after Kristen poured out her heart to me, about what she went through with Matt. You know I did not think there could not be a worse boy than Lance, I was so wrong; one thing about being wise is knowing when you are so mistaken. Oh, it was so weird! ‘I kissed some girls and didn’t like it.’

Plus, I and Lily had to kiss one another on all the lips, which we have, you got that? –Good! What was so comical about that is that everyone clapped as we had our lips smashed

into one another? Not romantic at all! At that time, the only other boy I kissed was Melvin Shezor, and it just sucked ass honestly. He was a mistake that makes me say- eke…! On the other hand, maybe I just sucked at kissing at that time.

Oh-hum, however, no one kissed like Chiaz. We had such a sweet gentle, almost soft kiss that could not be recreated with anyone else, but us doing it together. We would tilt our heads so perfectly to the one side, and his hands ran through my hair

effortlessly… and from past experiences, that is not an easy thing to do. I saw where Kristen's hair was thinned out from him pulling on it, I guess that is what brought that to mind for me.

With my Chiaz, it was breathtaking every single time…! I never wanted to kiss anyone else ever again. Yet I had to in the long peculiar eerie halls of the hellhole. I remember also, how- 'We had to act as we liked it. Yet we hated it with a passion.' I mean that I loved Lily just not in that way. I

recall when Lily told me that she did not like staring at her vagina in her overtime mirror, or how small her boobs looked.

I said- ‘Yes… I know totally what you are saying.’

She said- ‘Yeah I no- It is like a Picasso down there.’

Then I said- ‘You know that every girl is so different. You have… what you have.’

No instead, we should have been thinking that we're happy to be

alive and cute like we were. As I said you do not think like that when you are young and dumb. All you think about is what other people think about you. Which does not matter at all, as you get more mature? ‘You know what I find completely hilarious now?

My classes were in a closet, and yet the sisters wanted everyone in the school population to think we came out of it together.’ (I just giggled aloud.) So, one night I remember back in my school day Lily came to my house before she left me, and we sat on my

bed and we kissed, and that was not that bad… it was kind of passionate. Just so, when we had to go to school, we knew what we were doing… it was nothing more, yet maybe it was for her? Some kisses do not count if you know what I mean if you are a girl.

Why?

Because, if you are a girl; then you have to learn how to kiss, sometimes that is with another girl as practice; or at least that is the way I see it be, yet I am not sure if that is how it was, for her. I guess when your

eyes are closed it is all the same… maybe- maybe not? I think about this- ‘How many people can say that they kissed a girl the night previous to the day she became an angel?’ All these years she never said if she was in love with me or like- like me or not, I guess she doesn't want me to feel any blame, and that is in the past and does not matter as it did back then. All the same, my curiosity always did get the best of me. I have deliberated this- ‘Was it the kiss of death, or was it just a normal girly kiss?’

Alternatively, was that affectionate kiss letting me know what was coming the next day or not? Was it letting me know that I would not have her as she was in my life any longer, yet she would always love me? I do not know, yet I wonder in my mind, at those very questions, that seem to have no logical answers. I never told anyone about that. However, I thought it would help Kristen cope with what she just went through.

That sometimes in life things just do not have a rhyme or a reason it

just happens, and it makes no sense to you. Though everything was meant to be for some reason, that you cannot see, you just have to wait and see, then look back on life. ‘Life is just like the feathers on the dreamcatcher blowing in the breeze. They have some freedom yet always held back by the strings, and the evil that is being sucked into it.’ Even though Kristen is going to be gone, maybe I will not feel all that lonely or maybe I will.

‘Either she or I will need to learn how to fly.’ Besides, you will

understand soon enough what is coming up in her story, and maybe mine by now if you can foresee, what is going to be; what is going to happen in mine is not clear to me. It is just like the word- Maybe! Maybe- is like a question, that has many answers; with nothing about that word being reassuring to me. Maybe I will see you again… or maybe not. See what I mean?

The Maybe's- is driving me crazy. I think overall the words I used in a day, and try to pick them apart,

hoping what I said was decent and understandable. As well as think about it, what I said was the right thing, or if I just put my foot in my mouth. ‘I have always seemed to have open mouth insert foot syndrome.’

So, that is why I am so hushed with people I do not know, I do not want to screw up my chances with you. It was always like that for me. Then again, if I say something will I have to live with it? Sometimes the best advice is not to say anything at all. Maybe I should have done that, or maybe I

could have said that to them, or maybe not.

Maybe there is no point at all.

Maybe it is all okay, what I say or maybe not. Maybe I have too much anxiety, and I worry about everything I do, and what others do to me. Maybe that is why their words are eating at me from the inside out just like cancer. As well as I am left with one question and that is-

Why?

Why- do I do this?

Why have I kept on doing this to myself? -Why?

My God…! I am sounding completely insane; maybe I am all alone too much now? Maybe- He- he! Will, at least I can still giggle at how pathetic everything in my life seems to be, and was and is going to be. All I know is that I will have to-

‘Tie a Yellow Ribbon Round the Ole Oak Tree!’

Chapter: 43

The Encounters

Nevaeh- Do you remember when I said Angels and fallen angels used to fight one another; they used to fight one another to eternal death. As I had to sit through the clan torture. Both Angels and demons and fallen Angels are powerful in their ways, they use their powers in different ways as you know for good or evil. I forgot how vicious they were to one another.

I guess I block that out of my mind too. Angels do not need to have any magic wands or cast any spells, they have enough strength in their hands, eyes, and wings to move anything with great energy and speed. Besides whatever that object maybe it whips by you like a blur, I have seen it, just like Melvin’s car way back when, that was thrown over into oncoming traffic by one of the dark ones, by one of those angels of death, that night I saw it in my visions.

Maybe that is why I got the blame for it, because of what I see, and what they do not understand? All angels are like magicians of their power; it is like they have a barrier around them with a glow of white or black that protects them from following evil spirits, or good spirits, depending on the type. It is almost impossible to penetrate their heavenly force or the evil vigor.

The demons do not need to cast spells however, they can, all they have to do is look into the eyes of what they

want to destroy, or they trick all your true love's away until you crack under their pressure and give in to them. In these battles, it is beyond belief to see them and all of us fighting… it was so spiteful. The falling angel will try to jump on the backs of the white heavenly angels so that they can try to drain their strength to get at the human life they are protecting.

They will want to make the week and fall to the ground like a dying baby bird, that has broken wings. So, they can take what they want from you!

Some dark angels will even try to bite the white angels' heads off with their long sharp malevolent tusks to drink and drain their heavenly lives away and take their powers too. That is how they lose some of their power.

When they fight it is the ground that opens up with cracking gashes, and I could see the pits of hell, with the red, orange, and yellow flames shooting up from underneath. I remember seeing all the burning black chard nude bodies run about below me like ants on the ground from a distance.

Oh yes, I could hear the troubled screams and weep, yes, all the cries they shouted for help were so unnaturally gruesome, even the voices and yelps of young children I could hear, from down below. By far the most morbid things, I have ever witnessed in my life. I felt as the sisters were leading me to hell day by day to incinerate me, just as the Nazis did to most of those little girls, with their sinful crematorium ovens. I have felt the infernos. I have had visions of those girls that walk the last walk down that

path they took, and it pains me because I can feel what they felt, I can see it all too. I do not know if that is a gift or a curse.

The sisters and their families of clans to me are nothing but a bunch of uncivilized pagans. (Remember Adriane's star around her neck? That was their symbol, that their clan members all wore!) I remember almost being thrown into the underworld by the sisters and their clans, many times yet Lily always swooped me up in her arms before they could do that. Yet I

could feel the heat and look down forever or so it seems, as I was hanging on the cliff edge of earth and hell.

Can you see me there hanging helplessly by my one arm? I always felt that I was on the edge with my fingers on my one hand about to slip from their grip. Letting, or pushing me fall into that black hole of fire. I was so petrified every time; I was a part of this too in my life; I was one of those girls. So yes, I know how that girl in red felt, I lived it in my past lives that I have had, just like I saw the first horseless carriage

going down that path here too. The histories are a part of me, which people do not see.

As an angel, I can skip around in time; I have even spent some time in the roaring twenties too, just to see what it was like, yet nothing compares to having your family and love, that killed the day I died for the first time. Once they are gone in history, I cannot go back and see them as they were, it is like they are forever spirits to me even going back in time. It is as if they do not exist, I have tried. Maybe that is

why my mind is so confused? I can stay the same unchanged, yet I age and everything changes around me. Something is there and something is not. The longer I live the more confusing it all gets. Yet, in those fights, I could see them, all of the angels above me. I could see the rays of bright lights of the joyous promise land, and the clouds of the heavens that would spin into a porthole-like with a stairway to heaven.

The voices asking me to walk up to it, from the kids to the old. I

overheard, I could even hear the voice of God and his son, yes, I could overhear them all above me, and they were rejoicing the fact that I would not give up the struggle, to them, that I want to fight to live right. It was bizarre… because all of this was inside the halls of the school, it made no sense to me at the time, yet it happens.

Sometimes fact is stranger than fiction. The only thing I could do was write it all down or at least try to, it is all here in my notebook, all I need to do is finish typing it all out, someday,

if someday ever comes for me, as you know I just do not have the ambition. As I said, Lily was the one that fought for me the most back then, she has the halo to verify it too.

She has been in many of my fights as an angel, and also when she was a human girl. Not always by choice… more because, it was what she, and I thought was the right thing to do, and it was what she, and I believed was spot-on right. You know maybe I was in love with her that way and just did not realize it back then.

There is not a day that goes by, I do not think about her or dream about her, as she was to me, and what we did together, and believed in about us together.

Maybe Lily was my first true love, maybe it was Maiara, or maybe it was just him, I guess I have had more love in my life, which I looked over yet not knowing that I did? –Do you understand what that is like? That is just like some questions do not have any real answers. Just like how these angels have like a layer of defense, and

that is like a glowing orb of light around them either white or black.

When white angels replenish their supply they have a puff of glittery sparks, that expels from their body as they shoot back up into flight, they do not need to feed off anything other than the Divine's love, and the love from the others that they receive, they may die yet they live on. When falling, angels die in a battle, they reappear themselves repeatedly, as they catch fire, and slowly burn down to a black carbon like powdery ash in crumbling

destruction of disintegration. As well as they just keep coming back to life also.

They suck the blood of humans like me, which are on the floor until their energies can be repaired. When they do need to be replaced and replenished, they steal someone's living soul to keep living on, that is what the sisters help them do.

The battle would continue; it seemed like it was forever, yet it was only as long as it would take to get the sisters off, and me off, and them off of

me. In all reality, it was only ten minutes at the most.

The angels would fight until I was able to get up and walk away after the sisters got what they needed. Time and time over! The only way to get rid of the demons in any falling angel is to rip their dark wings off, and they whisper to the ground, then say the phrase over and over. ‘The power of almighty Jesus Christ compels you to halt and be gone.’ While throwing holy water on them as they fizzle up to nothing, and it burns them like acid

back down to the depths of hell where they belong. On the other hand, just have a dream catcher and that should do the trick too. They never die, yet you can send them away from you.

That is why Kristen, has one tattooed on her foot to keep them at bay, yet I am not sure if a tattoo is the same as the real thing? Some fallen angels carry extended swords, depending on their ranking of evil powers. This is still not much of a challenge for the white angel, the white Angel can stop swinging swords with

one bare spiritual hand. Fallen dark angels are generally weak and try to manipulate with their offers because they're not as tough.

Fallen Angels have fiery eyes, black pointed wings, with blood dripping from their demonic representations of their body, they have a smoky orb around them, and a trail of fog that follows behind them that leads into destruction as they sail by. All a white angel has to do is hug a fallen angel, or show them any kind of

compassion, and they scream and instantly disappear or just disintegrate.

Love- is what they despise the most!

For the reason that all fallen angels hate any type of love or contentment, remember all fallen angels are internally weak unless a human life gives them the power to fight, I would have to say that I let Jaylynn suck the life out of me, yet I feel that I should. I think you can appreciate why I feel that way. So, that is what the sisters did with their clans,

they gave them the power to try to steal my soul and the souls of the ones I loved. However, they never did with me yet they got Jaylynn… That did not stop them from trying until they would get Kristen too, or have someone soul that is close to me.

For them it will be a never-ending battle, of what they choose to steal away, they do not want me to be happy or loved. Why I still do not know, why was I chosen for this…? Why do they all have to suffer because of me, and my sins? Have I sinned at all, or

not? The fights I was talking about were a true statement and experiences I had; I remember back when I was with the clans; fighting off their battles they started on me, then the angels would come down and help me.

The angels and hallucination-like, we were all fighting for me to not be taken in any way by demons, or by the girls, that wanted me for their sexual role-playing games. Yet, the sisters got their way a lot of the time as you know, as luck would have it. We were fighting them off, as well as

beating them all off too. I remember the white angels would shock the demons away with their bolt of lightning strikes and the thunder would crack out the glass of the school windows, and spray all over us. Supernaturally all the locker doors would open and close, the papers would fly, the pencils would zip by me like their uniforms and fingers, I was in the storm of their pain, everything was happening so hallucination-like.

This is how Kristen told me her rapes were like too, maybe, that is the

way it is for all girls, which lived through all that hurt…? Your brain is half on, yet it is like it is wanting to be turned off.

The demons have satanic powers, which make angels freeze in mid-fight and flight. They are so strong they could tear the wings off of an Angel with their thought of mind. However, the bolt of lightning can make demons blow up; conversely, they disintegrate and then rise from the ashes once more to fight yet again.

They do not go away unless they have bodies to go into, or they are banished back down to hell. Otherwise, to claim the souls they want, you have to agree with what they say; only if you do not deny them, they will remain. Never- ever let them win! The demons can take on any figure or form they want to. Some choose to be animals, and some choose to be human-like beings, like the four sisters and clan, and the only protection was from the angels above me that would fight them

off of me. Do you see what I mean- or did I lose you?

Lily also fought for Jaylynn when she was in these halls; however, Jaylynn did not have the same faith I did. So, the forces of protection were not as strong enough for her, so maybe that is why she did not live on, or maybe it was just time for her to go? There are something's, which I may never know about, even in spiritual life too. Will, as far as Kristen goes, fought them all off, she battled her demons

too, she grabbed them by the horns if you will, and she won for the most part.

Kristen is one strong little girl, even now as she is recovering from her wounds, and I am so honored that she is a part of me. Nevertheless, I am horrified that she is a part of them because of her father. I wonder what her future is going to be like being half-and-half, yet I do not plan on telling her all that, she has to find that out for herself. I do not want to freak her out any more than she is now. I just hope she stays on the good side, and never

stays away again. Yet I think she has learned that lesson the hard way. Her teachers used to say that she was hard-headed. You know what I think about that… Good for her! Give them hell. Wow, that reminds me of an old song that used to play on the bus. ‘When you see my face, I hope it gives you hell.’ Yeah you know sometimes it is awesome for us to be The All- American Rejects!’

If you are reading this, you must feel the same way, so- (Say it aloud, full of pride!) ‘We are rejected,

and proud of it!' I Also recall 'My Humps' by The Black-Eyed Peas, used to play a lot back then too on that bus ride. Yeah- but that is a whole other story altogether, but I think you can get the picture. 'Maybe sometimes what happens on the school bus should stay on the school bus.' I feel that- 'Dying is not easy, it is hard to leave, and staying alive is hard when you want to go. Then keeping your soul is almost impossible. The spiritual life is an endless life of forever, of what would you do?'

Chapter: 44

A New Beginning

Nevaeh- I am going to let them tell you what they did during their days apart. You know how close they have gotten. Besides what I saw bloom in front of me… it is and was truly amazing to see! I did not think that it was possible. Maybe there are some good ones out there these days? When Kristen was a young girl. I had her last name changed to mine so that her dad’s family could never take

possession of her ever again. It was costly but so worth it, getting full custody of her until she was eighteen.

Kristen Nazareth- So I joined the Marines! For the reasons that I knew that Matt would find me again. That is one thing he teased me with by saying over and overtime after time, that he would never- ever leave me alone. That he would never- ever let me go and date, or live with anyone else. That I had his- and his alone. I would have to say- I do not think so!

Will the only upside to this was, all these years, I was the drum major and kept the beats and timing going in the high school marching band, and I was kind of their leader? So maybe that is a plus? I do not like to brag or anything like that, though, I have to say that I am a snappy marcher. Plus, I know how to take, and give commands. Yet there have been some that have overpowered me in the past, as you know.

However, that is going to stop now! I want to be able to defend myself

at any time, or any place. No man will ever- never do that to me again, and never- ever is a long time! I may be small but… however, they say I am fun-sized. (Whatever that means?) I have a lot of spunk and charisma, yet I am not afraid to be this small little girly- girl either. I think you know me by now, you would have predicted that. –Right? I do not mind mixing camouflage with my pink outfits though. I have a style that is my own; some call it cute-z, I call it just being me.

It has become acknowledged by others that I am a small girl, which has a tiny sounding voice, which is sweet and squeaky all the time. Yet it is unquestionably unforgettable, because of the way I talk about it; maybe- I do not know, I am just me…! Some say I just have something matchless to another, and it remains with them, long after time has passed. You should have heard me as a drum major shouting, you would remember it forever!

What they say- ‘That’s so… sweet, I- guess…!’ (Overemphasizing

every word! With a light cracking upward, pitch in her voice.) I remember my whistles sounding off, one long and three short blows; and the drum cadence would start playing, and it's kind of still plays in my mind at times, as I waited for that first left-foot stride. I still find myself stepping out with my left foot in my everyday pastimes. If I learned anything in the band, it was discipline. I was in control of this extremely loud powerful respectable grouping of kids, and it was awesome, most days- anyway.

Nevaeh- So I told her that the only way she could get away is to go to boot camp for twelve weeks, and she would get deployed to fight when needed. I thought surely, he would need to find someone else, to feel his needs. Let us hope anyways! Besides I think Brandon is so sweet, he would be perfect for her. He has been my and her blessing; I can tell he is one of the good ones out there. What that boy has done for us, I cannot be grateful enough in my words to express my actual feelings.

Kristen- My hair is so long that it ends at my butt some days in a sweet braid some days not. Though the hardest thing to do was when it was so needed to be cut, yes, a little lower than shoulders length, which is the length required. So, I could braid it into a hair bun, most days I just liked to have my hair down, with springy or bouncy brown curls or just straightened, so you could see just a little bit of the blonde or light brown highlights, that would shine in my hair.

Those days are going for a while… I would say- so!

I left home with only the recommended items; with my old marching band duffel bag with these things inside it. One- Travel toothbrush with toothpaste. One- Gel deodorant only, no spray perfume permitted. I have one bottle of two in one shampoo and conditioner. A few or more tampons. A shaving kit, with a razor. I needed six pairs of plain- Jane bikini-style underwear only, nothing fancy. I needed six pairs of high socks; no ankle

socks necessary. I needed three sports bras, so I could have one on most, if not all the time. I needed two variations of clothing outfits, other than the one I was going to wear there. So, three altogether, yet I think you knew that. Besides, all of my identifications. And yes, that was it.

Chapter: 45

Hard Work Never Killed Anyone

Kristen- Oh, they do not care that you are out of your comfort zone, they are not your momma, or in my case grandmamma, and they're not going to hold your hand. However, they do make you wise and strong; for twelve weeks, that is what I found out. So, let me tell you all about it! The day I left Brandon made the crazy decision to ask me to marry him.

Certainly, in a handwritten letter that he handed me as I stepped foot on the big old somewhat shiny bus. Therefore, when I did open it and read it, I was already being taken to this far away land. No! - No turning back! How I want to go back, and kiss him and never let go while flying into his arms at the very same moment, yet I could not.

I was overjoyed and down feeling all at the same time! Though, when he gave me the note at the time, I was standing with one foot in the door

opening of the motorcoach. I was thinking- What in the world is this boy handing me? Is this a goodbye for good?

What… is this? A lot of thoughts went through my head. –I am a girl… that just happens. I was reluctant and happily curious all at the same time because I did not know; it said that it was sealed! I remember that grandma and Brandon were the only ones to see me off… This was a moment that I will always treasure forever. However, it was gloomy at the same

time, since I felt that it did not have to be like this.

Brandon- I can still see what she was wearing a light, cerulean dress with one white daisy in her beautiful hair. I am sure the soon-to-be war boys loved the way she looked, on the bus as I did. No, I am not jealous really; I just want to be with her that is all. They will not look at her as I do, you know what I am saying? I love her! They just love the way she looks; I think you're catching my drift. From that day we met, I knew she was all I ever wanted.

That I was not going to let anything get in the way of being with her.

All the time, anytime I can, no not in a disturbing way, just so you know, just in a loving way, I love everything about her. She is the girl I have seen in my dreams; all these years yet could never find. I believe that occasionally, you have to be far away from your sweetheart, but that does not make you love them any bit of a smaller amount if anything, you love them more, that is how I felt every day, I was not with her. I just want to walk into

the golden field, and shout out her name, so that maybe she could hear it so far away, I know it is twelve weeks, even every moment feels like forever.

Yes, one day, that night, her eyes, her ways, what she said, how she said it, her touch, her sounds, and that feeling of her body heat next to me. It only took me one day to fall for her completely, totally, wholly, and entirely! Eighty-four to know I do not want to live another day without her, with me. That the loving feeling just keeps getting stronger and stronger.

The reason is that it pains me, so to be apart from her, that I now feel that our souls have connected from the day I met her. How something so tragic could lead to something fantastically magnificent.

‘Nothing is ever easy when it comes down to love, and what you love, and what love is to you and her, and if they love you, it is always testing your sanity.

That is one thing, which is for sure, and I am sure that I am crazy about her!’

I do believe that she was my answer to my prayers, as I must have been for her. I hope all our prayers will be answered; I feel that they will be. It is as if I feel that I cannot live without her now. I just hope she feels the same; not knowing is driving me irrational. Nothing was going to stop me, not even her going to fight in the war when she goes, and not even her cruel past boyfriend either. Her past boyfriend means nothing to me, yet I do care about what he did to her. It just does not seem scary. So that is why I gave

her the note, I did not want to be rejected, and she will have some time to choose if she wants to be with me, or not.

My letter reads- My sweet Kristen; I must say how I feel about you. That there is nothing more I would want to be than yours forever and ever, and never let go, only if you feel the same way about me, yes, I am being serious. All you need to do is say the word ‘Yes- I will!’ the next time we meet; I will know you feel the same way

too! I know when you are reading this; you will already be gone away from me.

Nevertheless, I am asking you to be with me, and to marry me. It is not that long so we can be together once more. That is if you love me, as I love you. However, I understand that you have to go far, far away as of now because of your former boyfriend. Yet I feel that I have gotten to know you in every way, and I will think of you every day, even now, until the day you are walking my way. Yes, even when you are not here with me, I feel ever so

close to you, the feeling is fairy-like; I want to make you, my princess!

Would you say- yes?

I would have liked to say this to you, that I am making you this promise if you make it back from this war of affection. I want to be the one that will tie the knot with you. I wish I would have, said all of this sooner, and before you even got your first boyfriend. But, at the time we were at diverse points in our lives. Though, I do feel that we met up for a reason when we did like fate had something to do with it or

something like that… I vow this to you! Even if I do not see you again, I am now forever part of your life. I will always and forever be there for you. Yet you know that… -Good luck my Love! Now and forever yours-

Brandon Rosenbaum

Chapter: 46

The Few, and the Proud

Kristen- I remember getting on the bus, and getting shouted at from the first moments. I recollect the

captain saying- ‘You are in the Marines now; so, find your tiny virgin ass a seat, and let’s get going! Now…! Faster…! Faster…! Move it!’ ‘…Ah… Okay!’ -I said (trembling.) He said no one in here gives a shit who the hell you are, or what your name is ‘princess.’ It does not mean shit to me or these guys on this bus. I must have been reading the envelope script aloud, that said- ‘To my princess!’ (With shocking surprise.) Still, I did not realize all the others could hear everything I was saying as I read squeakily. As I was walking up the

steps and past all of them down the aisle to find a seat?

~*~

Captain- ‘We do not care that you are a little girl, you are going to be out humping just as hard as everyone else. Your ass belongs to us now, and teamwork is the only thing you need to know from this point on.’

I remember sitting there thinking man, my body, and

everything, that is a part of it now, it is theirs? Why would the captain

say that? Do they feel that all of me now belongs to them? –Really? At the time, I did not even think about it, what was just said to me; yet I am not sure if I liked it… even now when thinking about the situation. It was somewhat sexist and meant I felt. I would- liked to have said- 'Yes, I am a girl, but I could kick your ass up to your flapping mouth!' I was just thinking that in my mind, I knew better than to talk back. I did not say a word! I have sidetracked anyway.

I remember pulling the paper out and unfolding it, I just kept reading that note over and over. I could not believe what I was seeing, and holding it in my hand, I was going to keep it with me at all times, if I could. Until I had a permanent place for it. So, as for now, I will place it in a very safe place that every girl has been familiar with. So, I folded the note into fours in the envelope, and tucked it into my bra next to my heart, thinking- wow- wow, and wow! I cannot believe that I have fallen in love with him, so fast. I was

thinking I could not wait to kiss him, see him, and talk to him. Wondering, what my life would be like with him? I was sure at that moment it would be good. Wondering, if he would want kids with me, maybe like three.

I was wondering about life, I wanted it! I think it is like I was lost in a dream of what could be? Then reality set in and then, at the same time I remembered how walking through the bus aisle to find a seat, felt like it was taking forever, and it was. Anyways that took me back, and made me

homesick, thinking about how the kids and my grandmother were treated, when they went to school and were on the bus. I knew how she felt because that was the same way for me too. Nevertheless, I was also thinking again not on here. As well as I started thinking about her, and her stories which she used to tell me; I felt the same way as she must have way on-way back when. Plus, I was missing my old life all ready.

Not all of it, just the good things. I was wanting a new life to start

fast, so I could get back to them. Also, I am thinking about what my new life will bring me hopefully more good things. I will just have to see. I finally sat down with a girl named Makayla, and she was scared shiftless, to say the least. But she did say sit with me, so I did. The only other girl on the bus other than me. Those were the only words she said the whole trip. Finally, I was at my destination, after a couple of days of sleeping, eating, and living on the bus. We all looked- really- good. So anyway, we all got off no time to stretch or

anything, we all moved out of the bus running like men on fire into a single file line. Then are sergeant vocalized, in the loudest voice ever possible these very words?

As we were in our single lines our eyes looking, forward, standing in what I call the solid statuesque pose.

He said- ‘Welcome to the world's finest fighting force!’ ‘The words: me, I, and my; they do not apply to anything anymore! You will eat, sleep, and live as a team, there is no failure here!’ ‘When you walk through

these doors it is the only time you will! ‘Understand!’ We all said- ‘Yes sir…!’ He shouted more powerfully- ‘Understand!’ ‘YES… SIR!’

I was thinking at the time I am making my footprints here now; I am part of this history. Plus, I am going to be part of the footprints that my colleagues have died to keep every one of you out there free…! To me, it is quite an honor, which should not be taken for granted, by anyone. As well as if you do take it for granted, join the Marines and you will soon learn that

freedom is not all about you! I remember being asked why I am in the Marines. So, I just answered by saying… 'To get away from my past horny boyfriend, that won't leave me alone, plus I want to be a brave girl!' Then all the other guys and misses in the lineup with me snickered.

The captain said- 'Outstanding- Will you came to the right place; to get away from a man then, maggot. I am going to call you- a princess.' Yeah, I feel that is a problem with our generations; of today, we have had

everything handed to us. I think a lot of people out there need to go out and fight for it, and you will change your attitude. Just remember it does not take much to get your ass broken. Unity! It is what it is all about, being someone great. Being someone strong, and being brave, and having respect! It is comparable to when you see that seal on the door as you walk in; you know that you are a part of something greater.

Something that I do not have words to express, something that

means you have found pride in others and yourself, which is something you found to care about other than your own pint-sized life of before. You have to know how to work together and be able to comprehend what it means to be in this alliance, and if you do not know it when you walk in, you sure will when you walk out. I think of the fact that I answered every question that was asked of me with either, yes-sir or I- sir or yes- ma'am, I- ma'am!

Do not even think about projecting your opinions, they mean

nothing, in other words, keep your mouth shut, and your ears open. Boot camp was intense because we had to get up early and do the same drills over and over. Besides if, you are anything like me then you have to learn the hard way, but you do learn one way or another. It is just like getting a quarter to bounce off your bed sounds easy, but you try it… it's not. Lights out was a lonely time for me. Yet I was in a bunker barracks with numerous other girls. But- do not think that you are going to make any intimate

relationships here; that is not going to happen! As well as do not think you are going to find any guys to talk to either or anyone to fulfill your needs.

~*~

However, Brandon was the only guy I dreamed about and had a fantasy about, I could not seem to get him out of my mind. The whole time. I had a photo that he put in with the note, and I used it as a tribute to my satisfaction. I was lovesick as well as homesick. All I can say is that you will have to become intimate with yourself;

because you get rather stressed out. So maybe it was a good thing to have him think about. Too much information yeah, I seem to have a problem with that. I know, but it is truthful to all the girls here really. So, yeah it took me a week to be able to do a jumping Jack and a push-up that was not completely girlie! Just like there were only about ten minutes for hygiene, and other necessities, that girls need to take care of; for example, shaving.

Yet, I guess I am getting used to feeling shabby.

I was shocked to realize most of the time, other than training with the men, we were separated from them… and all you got to see was the same girl's day in and day out. You get to know some of them as acquaintances, but you do not have time to become best friends forever. The weirdest thing was showering in front of them, which took some getting used to.

There is no privacy at all, what you do is all out there for them to see. I bet you could picture that, can't you. Not to mention that the uniform

clothing gets old fast. But- this is what I want. I recall having it on at all times, or when we do change, you only have ten counts to change, what you are wearing to something else. Let us not forget scrubbing the floor with a toothbrush, yes, I did that too. Six hours of class time every day.

Climbing ropes, walls, and obstacles and PT are obsessive work. Just like me being a small girl, plus a water tank, with all my gear on equals- me sinking to the bottom of the pool like a stone. However, I can swim very

well, that was one thing I would do in competitions, back when I was in high school. I do not like heights either I found out, however, I made it to the end of the long cable. With a little help from my senior drill instructor's pushing me to ‘do it.’ Oh, I loved to dangle up there in the air with my right hand, and my forefingers trying to get my feet back up from slipping. Yet I did it.

I have confidence in the cores; however, I struggle to have confidence in me being able to do it. Oh, I think

that obstacle course we had to do hated my guts, as I hated doing it over and over, in the rain, in the mud in the hot sun, forget about looking cute. It is all about getting it done. This is a good thing to know for all you out there. Learn how to throw a punch, so when you are hit from hesitating… someone else does not knock you down on the ground. ‘It is scary.’ –I say… Plus, I marched and marched, saying ‘Left… Left… Left… Right… Left!’

Hell- I was saying that in my sleep!

The drill instructor- asking Kristen- ‘Princess- Do you know you’re left from your right?’ Yes! –sir. Drill Sergeant Owen would shout at me… ripping my gun out of my hand, and completely lifting me off my feet while doing it, saying you would have had a good inspection if you would have had the right side up. Now take your weapon back out of my hands as you mean it! Easier said than done. He said- ‘Pay attention to the details.’ Then you should know what my reply was. – right? You know I am not going to have

an ass because we walked so much. I know I walked mine off completely. Besides, I got to the point that everything I was saying rhymed too. Like this…

(Sing)

‘I don’t remember everything I have been told, but being called the nickname ‘Princess’ gets old. I can’t wait until I get back home, so I can have someone to hold and call my own. I don’t know why I feel so alone, all I want to do is moan, and groan. After this training, I will be able to kick some

ass, instead of being known as the girl, with the tiny one that will not last.' 'I am all about being girly, yet I hate having to get up this early.

Because, I like wearing pink, though I am not going to be the one, which is the weakest link. My old boyfriend can kiss my sweet ass; I am leaving here with some sass. I still can't believe that I got asked, yet I know that I and my new lover will be able to last and last. Because, I like getting down and dirty, yet I am counting down the

days hoping that they all will go in a hurry.’ He-he-he… that is funny!

The name ‘Princess’ stuck with me. I remember the first time I fired my weapon the barrel of the gun came back and smacked me in the head, let's just say I learned fast how to hold the gun after that. The M- 16 is a powerful gun, especially if you are a tiny girl like me.

Oh, just another tip for all of you out there, do not close your eyes when you are firing a weapon, for the first time like I did. Probably one of the

coolest things I ever did was join the rifle drill team. Since I always liked twirling rifles even back then, like I said I was a snare drummer in the band before, and I was a drum major that oversaw everyone, so that was a good thing for me! I felt as if I had the ability, and maybe the upper hand. I just wanted to do something awesome, and say I have done it! I just wanted something where I could feel good about myself. That was something that he took away from me. All the same, I will get back… I will be honorable!

Nevaeh- Just like One of These Days, all the radiation bombs will drop and silence everything in this world. It is going to happen, I have seen it, and felt it. But, I most likely will, not see it this time coming up. I feel and see that there will be no more daylight to waste, and all-time will stop, and not stand for anything any longer, I fear for this country!

‘I guess with the lights out, it is less dangerous; Oh well, whatever, never mind.’

It is just that my grandbaby is going to be out fighting in that war someday and someday is on its way I can just feel it. Maybe the world will come to an end; at some point, maybe not. Either way, after we have given all that, we are, and all that we have, to them.

When there are no more nickels and dimes to give away, that used to save us, that is when all days will end. For the reason that we cannot stand up alone if there is nothing to stand on. We can fight but is it enough?

I do not think so… there is no work, no money, no real nourishment, no coal mines, and no still to make anything.

So, how can we fight them off if we are asking them for what we need to live? Understand…? I feel the United States needs to wake the hell up now, and come to its senses! Before there is no more freedom to waste, and wasted lives. My homeland is not the only place, which has gone to hell that is for sure, and there is nothing we can do about it, or so everyone wants to think. Just like my life, I try to put these

thoughts and moments down into a complete story.

As well as, when I think about it. I could have precisely done what Kristen went out and did, yet I didn't, why didn't I, I ended it, and had to pay and pray for it, so I could make it where I wanted to go. Will I have anything to show for it, I do not know, when is it time for me to go? What I am saying right now is I wonder if I would have left, and seen the world the way she did if this all would have changed for me too? Meaning the real first life I

had, would all this be my true reality or not?

Would I have lived with a tragic love story or not?

Kristen, she is so much like me and my lover, it's so cute, for me to see true love again! You can't kid me, I have seen those love notes coming and going day by day, and what can I say I love it. I am also happy to have someone here with me now. To see that boy going stir-crazy over her is so sweet. Yet I feel bad for him at the same time. As of now, all I can do is be

a weight for her to come back to me, and see what blossoms, as he does as well.

That reminds me that I need to put the laundry out on the line and have the wind blow everything dry. While doing this I can see some of Kristen's things she wore, and it makes me sad. I do miss her, I miss a lot of things, I have been missing Lily a lot lately, and Jaylynn too. I have been feeling blue, yet this new love story keeps me living, I live to see all of you, in my life. It is one of those lovely days.

So, let us hope that I might even get enough pep, to walk past the old gazebo, and then past the long-standing mill, and see the timeworn remnants of the bridge…!

I would love to see if I can get to the ancient wishing- well that used to be in the garden, and throw two quarters in for two new young lovers to get their wish of being together. That is my hope for the day. Yet I have to pass the graveyard too, and I know I will have to stop there, and that is where I most likely will stay, the rest of the day.

Not meaning to. That was one thing; I did every day when I was a girl. And you know I did get what I wanted.

I should have made the wish to keep them too, but I did not think about that, there is just something you just do not think about when you are young. Get older and you will see what I mean. I am hopeful they can get on that silver horse and they can ride off into the sunset like I always wanted to do… hopefully, the premonitions I had back when I was a young girl was for them, and they can go- go- go, and never look

back on their past lives, and make the new start. Brandon, oh he is what I call a real carpenter, a hard worker and that is hard to find these days! He can make something out of nothing; I have seen it with my own old faded blue-gray eyes.

Um-hum he is cute- he- he. What-? I can still look, can't I? I see this in him. He is somewhat overprotective, extremely caring, and at times a bit melodramatic. Nevertheless, certainly romantic, he is perfect for her. He is old Fashioned though, in a good way, I

like that, and I know she does too. His slicked-back wavy dark black hair and rock-solid body, and those gleaming brown eyes, which change to golden saffron in the sunlight. Are to die for, yet that is just me talking here, though.

Brandon- All she has to do is say my name and I get a week to hear her voice; I am in love, I cannot sleep, I toss and turn, I cannot think my mind is heavy, or eat I cannot hold it down? I want to see her so badly yet I do not have a choice. All I can do is look at her photograph, and wish she were here

with me. What is this sensation that makes me want more and more?

But- I know that I will have to walk alone as she prepares to walk in the fields of war someday. I don’t want to be alone.

I do not know why but when she was gone, I wrote her love letters every week every Wednesday until the day she came back home, even though I could have sent it electronically. I got her rerun notes on Fridays. It means more to us that way- kind of like memories being made. I just felt that it

would be more substantial, and romantic if it was handwritten being in my penmanship.

I have all of hers too. While she was gone, I asked grandma- Nevaeh what I could do for her and Kristen, and she said that Kristen always wanted to make the homestead like it was back in the days of days, when it was a ranch. To get it looking nice once more. Will then that is- what I did. So, in the home, I put in new hardwood floors, and I replaced all the old windows too and painted all the siding. Once again,

the land with its gold grasses was postcard perfect. You should see it now!

I even got the old car that was in the back of the barn running. Sure, it needed a lot more work, but at least it can backfire along down the road, there are no brakes but it runs. I guess when you are in love, and lonely you have to keep your mind busy… to keep from going completely insane. I did not bathe for like two weeks; all I wanted to do was make sure that when she got back, everything I did was perfect, and

perfectly the way she always wanted it to be in her dreams, for her and also her grandmother Nevaeh.

She has been through so much she deserved an oasis, and I had a plan that was going to be miraculous if I could get it to work out. So, that is what I did, I restored the house to what it looked like when it was first built. Then I also bought two horses named Baylee, Rylee. As well as two small ponies, I named Haylie and Kylie. It just cost me one of my older work trucks for

the currency I needed, yet that was fine by me.

We needed some life running free around here, I felt. I love to see them all running off into the sunset, and hearing the neighing, snorting, and whinny sounds, they make with their breath. The barn is now used as it should be, I made a car-port on the side for the old cars. I had to fix up the wooden barn, and I added a new split rail fence next to it. So, that there would be a horse corral, that she could ride in without having to go in the

bigger fields, if she, and maybe I wanted to. As a result, I fixed the path lights; and trimmed some of the fields using the 1951 gray Ford tractor. That has gears, and all kinds of levers it is a pain in the ass. However, I wanted to keep one of the fields, as it was, for a long time. Mainly so, the dazzling golden grasses could stay as they were, blowing in the breeze. I like mixing the old with the new.

Nevaeh said- ‘Don’t you want to rest? From the porch day in and day out. And I said- ‘No- Mam! No- I don’t,

this is for her and you.' She said- 'Okay then, don't get sick- now.' I worked myself to the point of delusion, and delirium. Though, I would do it all again in a heartbeat, for her my sweetheart. A girl can make any man crazy!

My hair was messed up, and my clothing was stained and dirty with sweat, I had Jalynn's old straw hat on most of the time, and I was chewing on one strand of grassy hay from the field. I lost fifty pounds, in like three weeks. I was looking downright cracked in the

head. It is fascinating to me, but the whole time I was working, an old tune kept playing in my head. It was the words and melody to The Eagles- the song ‘Desperado.’ I just began to sing out of my mouth, as I was working, I do not know why, and I could not stop repeating it, day in and day out nonstop.

The song goes- ‘Desperado, why don't you come to your senses? You have been out riding fences for so long now…!’ And so on, I sang it word for word over and over, until the job

was done. Nevaeh, even took photos with her childhood camera, some of me, some of the work I did, and some of the newly rejuvenated lands, she said that we could look back on this someday. I was like, okay- that is cool!

Chapter: 47

Her Boots of Freedom

Brandon- I remember one night, I was sitting out on the top rail of the fence, looking over all the things that I did. Then there she was walking

to me. She was in her blue uniform, and I hopped off that fence, and she ran to me, as I was running to her. We hugged and she jumped into my arms crying, just as if it was forever since we have seen one another. As if it was years, in a way it was rather like that for us. That night she and I sat there under the stars, and she told me all about her experiences she had when she was gone. I love hearing her tell her stories!

Kristen- I only got to see her once again in a living form… when I got back. Nevertheless, her fight was over

for her for the most part, she got her dreams, all but one. I knew the days were getting shorter for her.

Also, that is old age I suppose, people go so long, and there is not a thing you can do. It is out of your hands. It is not what I want… yet that is what my life is giving me.

However, I wish she could have been there to see her great-grandbabies someday, nevertheless, she did get to see me in this uniform, and that was one of the happiest days in her life.

Nevertheless, you know somehow, she will be able to see all of us up there, I believe that. When she goes in these upcoming days. I just hoped she could see more big days in my life, before she leaves us, for-forever. I pray for more time!

Brandon- By the way she adored everything I did for her here at the homestead.

She said- ‘you did this all for me?’

I said- ‘I would do just about anything for you.’ Can I ask you a question Kristen, is that okay?

She said- ‘I guess… if you like…!’

So, I asked Kristen this very question. ‘Are you in love with me?’

As we were sitting out under the stars, I recall that she lifted her small head to look into my eyes and began to cry with the note in her hand, and at that moment, she said the words… of course- ‘Yes- I will!’ So, I

asked her if she would make me the happiest man in the world.

Then she said what would that be? So, I whispered in her ears, would you marry me tomorrow, now that you can? She said- ‘I would love to.’ Then I opened the ring box, and I sled her Grandmother's heart-shaped engagement ring on her finger saying. - I love you, Kristen.

She whispered back in tears ‘I do love you.’

Plus, she said Grandma Nevaeh, she is going to see our wedding isn't she! I said- I hope so, she is very weak. Then she wrapped her arms around me and kissed my cheek, and she nodded her head yes will do this tomorrow. Above us was the night sky, and we saw a shooting star, above and we knew that this love would last forever. It was like a good omen for us. It was the greatest day of my life, up to that point.

Nevertheless, it also means that someone would be passing on. One

day later, we were married at the small red brick church, which she went to as a young girl. It was the day at last; it was here; there she was walking down the aisle. With the flower pedals, everywhere. I remember seeing the angel oak trees with their leaves blowing in the breeze; it was the perfect heartwarming day.

As I walked into the church. At that time, there were daisy and lily flowers all over the place on the floor, with the colors of white and pink in her bouquet, and some were even in her

lovely hair, around the white lace veil, and of course next to the glittery silver princess tiara, which she wore.

However, there was no one to give her away, but right before the ceremony, this older gentleman walked up to Kristen, he could barely stand or speak, yet he got up on his own two feet, he was very weak, he said that he was living with lung cancer. Yet he said- 'I'll do it for the little lady.' That gentleman's name was Greg; he said that he knew Nevaeh, and he knew Kristen's mom, from way back when, so

we both said okay, we all thought that was sweet of him to do.

We said our vows, ‘I take you, to be my soul mate, to love what I know of you, and trusting what I do not yet know.’ ‘To love and hold and to grow old, as one soul. To get to be with you all the days of my life.

While falling even more in love with you every day, as we pray. To keep you in my life.’ ‘I promise to love, and cherish you through whatever life may bring our way, as we become- us!’ We both quoted a remarkable saying by an

astonishing person. ‘Love it is like the cupid's arrow, that hits at the most unlikely times. We chose to be as one forever and ever to never- ever forget that bond… now and forever!’

(We all said –Amen! in the house of the Lord.)

You may kiss the bride!

Brandon- and I did!

Kristen- The kiss was magnificent and sweet. Then we walked out of the church together off into the sunset.

Nevaeh- I am glad that I got to be there to see them be married!

Greg walked up to me and gave me a two-note one from Jaylynn and the other from Lily, which he kept all these years. He did not say how he got them, and I did not ask. Yet I wonder? After the wedding and the after-party, I went home, I told the young lovers too. ‘Go, and have fun, do not worry about me-loves, I will be fine. I will see you both when you all get back.’ I said as they drove away, in there decorated just married a car, with all the cans

bouncing around in the back. Yet I felt that was the last time I was going to see them. I don't know why.

So, I waited until that night as I was sitting in my chair in my spot looking over the land from the window. I looked at those notes that were placed on my desk, that has on it please do not open these letters until you think it is the last day of your life…!

So now that Kristen is off on her honeymoon with her new love, let us see what these notes are all about. This is what Jaylynn’s note said as I

read it; note one it had on it in that order. ‘Knowing that it was all meant to be, even though we could not foresee what was going to be, now open her letter to see what will be!’ I recall saying that to her a lot when she was a kid! However, why would she write this ‘See what will be, to me? Should I be scared?’

I am tariffed as to what I see, what is in front of me!

Chapter: 48

Paradise

Brandon- The honeymoon was at Hawaii Princes Hotels in Waikiki. I can still smell her perfume, for some reason it reminds me of strawberries, on that first night together. I am sure if that is not right at all. However, that is what I would compare the small to. I got us a suite room… but we wanted something more daring for our consummation though. Just like our love that was left inside, we had an

awareness that could not be washed away, we were wild and carefree. While exploring the land and one another; we had a somewhat secluded pathway to walk down to an ornate gazebo, with tiki- torch-lights, that showed us the way to one another’s heart. Love was definitely in the air for us, and we did not care who or what saw us. Even if there were others around, we kissed, touched, and played non-stop for what seemed to be days, yet I am not complaining. These were the best days of my life, so far.

The making of love! I know you're dying to know!

Question asked- Do I need to say this? Okay- I take two in when I do that… fingering myself.

So, anyways that night in the gazebo, she said that spot reminded her of home. Hence, in there, she pulled my pants down so fast the button, zip and skipped, like a stone on top of the pond. That we were on top of…! Anyhow, she was so wet down there, and so snug, I knew that I must have been the only man in her life. The

ring was breathtaking; it looked good and made her feel good, I was okay with it.

It made everything even more sensitive to her, and that was a plus for me. I knew for sure, that night she was a virgin because all of her other boyfriends and unwanted partners went in using the back door only… if you know what I am saying; or they wanted other things done by her. You just do not bleed like that if you are not a virgin. Plus, I believe what she said to me. I think she was one lucky and

blessed girl to go, that long with what she had to keep away. She made sure that was the only place they could use at that time.

~*~

She fought to keep her innocents…! I would say good for her, and good for me! That moment was not wasted after all! Maybe there are some happily ever after's, in life after all?

Kristen- Yes, all those jokes at boot camp were true, but I knew what I wanted, and that was something

special. Everyone always did have a pick on my butt, even since I was a small girl. ‘Let’s just say… I was always the butt of the joke.’

~*~

Brandon- I love her sense of humor. Even in all the pain, she can find whit. Okay back to that first night. The waves reminded me of her hair lying in puddles on the wood plank flooring of the gazebo. We have been wanting this; for some time. Yet we have been holding back for each other now for what seemed like an eternity.

So, destiny had it come to be! Oh yes, yes, and yes! That night was rewording and zealous.

‘Like even in the death of something or someone, there is a new life, which shares a part of how you and the past elders look, talk, and behave.’ ‘I knew the life to come, would remind me of the past, which we left behind. I knew I would see that in their young faces someday.’ ‘The past is gone, yet the past comes back in new ways in the future to the parent and the present,

sometimes you have to be left behind, and leave it behind you.

Nonetheless, it stays with you.'

Indeed, I remember massaging her feet and sucking on her small toes or whatever she wanted really. 'I would do just about anything to please her.' To find some of her erogenous zones, or so that is what she said at the time, I found out quickly what she liked. That it is all part of her signs…? She spoke. Works for me- I guess. She is a flirt! I recall she was seducing me all day with her big green eyes, and batting her

eyelashes at me. Then flipping her hair, that day all day. Yet because she is old-fashioned, in some of her ways of marriage. That was the role she played, that she wanted me to make the first move, yet she did…? What could I say, I loved it, and she had an influence over me, she took control!

Though, I remember sliding down her pink panties down and off her legs and sliding her dress up and off of her petite little figure. I remember her fingers touching me everywhere, I remember placing my fingers in areas,

which I had never had them before too. She said that I made her tremble, yet that I was what she calls a gentle lover. She was so gorgeous when she was looking up at me too; while she was on her knees!

However, nothing ever compared to her legs spread out before me like a canvas to paint on. She has one of the most- savory flavors of strawberries when kissing her little body. The same body I get to caress with mine now and forever, I am a blessed man! The kissing was exquisite,

full of fun. That was one of the wedding nights that I will never forget, day one.

I remember, we were like one in the twilight breeze, and it seemed as if our bodies were floating; yes, floating on top of the glassy blue-black pond in which we were on as if we had telekinesis-like powers. All the reflections of the stars were shining their magnificent wonder of splendor for us in the still waters, and the dusking sky. That is just like the days when that breeze moves through the fields it, sometimes brings me to my

knees. When she is away from me on her deploying tours. I do not want her to leave me as she does, yet she has to when she is gone. I feel lonely here in the homestead without her, as the wind wafts by, not knowing if I will see her again. Okay, back to that night. How would I know that something was in the making that night? We went against the odds, and we wanted that all to be left up to fate. Whatever would take place would take place, and if it was so meant to be it would be, and if not, then not.

Along with this, I was thinking at the time, I do… I want this, and I am-going to live with my choices, you and I make, no matter what happens. We love one another; we were united, for whatever happens. I did not care at all really; I am truly in love with Kristen, so I lived with the consequences of not pulling away from her. I am good with knowing that we have to live with what we did that night for the next eighteen years.

Yes, I am looking forward to it if conception happens. I think it would

be awesome to have some little feet running in the home, and out in the fields too.

Let’s get back to Kristen and me… that night… Being in those gentle arms, oh so lovingly as a soft tune was being hummed out of her moist lips in my ear with her soft sweet voice, and we slowly danced under all the dazzling twinkling twilight lights.

We kissed, and kissed again. We stayed into the loving sensual spell of one another, eyes, breath, and touch. She was mine and I was here. We were

nude, her breasts shined in the moonlight, and her nipples were pointed as if they were looking at me as we were making love, her green eyes staring at me sweetly; everything on her was bouncing up and down as well as around it was incredible.

Her heavy breathing and her calling out my name. It was truly unforgettable! Yet she is sensationally incredible in everything she does. Her hips smacking into mine, she said that she loved me on top of her, and she intertwined herself, in my arms and

legs around me. I had never felt anything like this before in my life when I entered. I will never forget her green eyes rolling, and the sounds she made with high-pitched voice sounds resonating in my ears, and the faces she made out of passion, it still takes my breath away. We went for about three minutes; she was moaning all kinds of words, a few that I am not going to repeat right now. But I think you could name some if you think about it.

I will never forget afterward she began to cry from her smoky colored eyelids, the eyeliner started to run down and drop off of her long-curled lashes, and the teardrop started to run down her sweet little face. She knew something magical just happened, and so did I. As a result, I just held her in my arms that night, until she fell asleep, with her head on my chest out on the gazebo. Then, I got up slowly and I carried her back to our room, and placed her in bed, along with myself, all nestled up! That nightfall

our love ignited and never came apart, and yes, it is still going strong. I could never think of another girl this way ever again nor did I want to.

She was my first true love. I fell in love with her at first sight, and that feeling I felt was so right! That next morning, she said she liked to listen to my heartbeat, to get to sleep. As you would expect that was just one amazing honeymoon day and night, though it was not over at all. From the first day, I met her. I knew that nothing will even give me the slight tad bit of interest

afterward; once you get to know a girl like her, you will know what I mean… she is everything to me; she has it all. You want more from the same person like her over and over; because she is so wonderfully perfect and affectionate. Our bond is always endless until the end of all time. As you know, my heaven is being with her that will never- ever end. Besides, my hell is not being without her, because she has to be far away.

When she is not near to me, or in my arms. I never want to see her leave!

Chapter: 49

Adventures

Brandon- The second part of the honeymoon was a gift from grandma Nevaeh, she booked us an antique 1920’s, long forgotten steam locomotive train store, and all the staff was dressed like the period. Yet we had

one of the classic bedroom cars that were attached, called a caboose…!

~*~

Kristen- The dining car was a different experience that is for sure, one night we had what is called a hobo lunch. Involving, pulled pork, cornbread, and iced tea in a mason jar. Not what you would call classy but nice, it must have been what great Grandma Hope grew up with I would imagine. Grandma Nevaeh thought that it would be romantic for us… and it was, it was spectacular to be on the

rails like they did back in the day, I did not think that was possible to find… but she found a tour for us.

I remember hearing all-aboard and the steam whistleblowing. Yet, we were rather worn out from the past couple of days, as Brandon said in way too much detail. I have to add! Yes, we got to see the countryside as they did back then, at a nice leisurely speed twisting through the hills chugging along. We did not get to sleep much this whole trip either, I felt somewhat nauseated at times from the rocking of

the car. Nevertheless, that did not stop me from having a good time. Like my husband implied when he was talking to you! However, we both loved it… How things have changed since way back then with traveling!

~*~

Brandon- I have to tell you this before I forget too. On the day of our wedding, Nevaeh handed me a list of places she wanted me to take Kristen, and to get photos of every stop along the way. For the reason that she said that is what she always wanted to do.

So that is what we did, we checked everything off her list. When we got home, we were completely exhausted as you would have guessed, to start our lives together.

Though, we have good memories to look back on; That we had made… all the photos that we took of us, are now printed in black and white, and they are part of the gallery on the walls of home… along with the old ones. They look as if they were taken with an old vintage shutter camera, or like she would have taken them herself.

That was the look, which I was going for. Yes, another dream of hers was completed!

That is what I wanted to do for her; she was so good to us!

~*~

Kristen- This is a good one…! I later found out that when Matt figured out that I was not in the back of the trunk. That night he shot himself with a double-barrel shotgun. By putting the burl in his mouth, and using his toe to fire it. I have that picture in my mind…

and it scares me, yet I was safe all along, and how I worried, and could not sleep or eat and ran from him. Why do you ask? I presume that he did that for not getting the job done, for the clan, and he knew they would kill him anyway. For the reasons that he knew that he was going to face their wrath at some point. Since he failed at killing me. Yet I cannot say that I feel deprived of his company!

‘Everyone gets a turn.’ He got his… need I say more!

That was his only choice to do that I surmise. What pisses me off… is that I lost out on so much because of him.

I did not know that he was not going to find me!

I did not know that he was not going to bother me anymore!

I did not know that he was going to be found in the woods, with the gun in his mouth, with maggots feasting on his head and his putrid remands.

The condoms Matt used on me were still in his abandoned vehicle in the woods, and in the cabin all over the floor, and there was one even still on him when he was found undressed. Without a doubt, they all had my DNA- I will call it on them, along with his. Some with my saliva and some with my fecal matter.

Grossed- out yet?

Yeah! -well me too!

He was guilty as sin! Yet, Matt, he is dead, there was no justice to face.

Yet, I feel he had to face someone for what he did, I am sure of that, maybe my mom…? There was something there, At least that is how I feel about it, and someone or something had to take him to the lowest pits of hell. I hope it was her. I am starting to believe that! I have my reasons. Call me old-fashioned, I do not care. I believe that a real man does not need to use protection. Because if he loves the girl as Brandon loves me, he is not afraid to get her pregnant. However, only if that is what the girl wants him to do.

Remember to be respectful of each other's wants and needs.

This is just my opinion. Just like Brandon said in Hawaii, that night, and nights after we were attached forever from that movement and moment in time. He asked me, and I said it was okay, just so you all know. I remember we could hear the soft wave hitting the side of the land yet it was mostly in a cum relaxed why, yet there were some, which swayed and swirled around and traveled in words that we could hear, and from our room looking out from

day tonight. We could smell the mist in the air as we laid together, on the bed with the double doors wide open. We could see the tops of the trees dancing in the tropical airstream, and the colorful birds that would fly down and nearby to the beach.

We could see families!

We could see children at play, in their little swimsuits.

I was thinking that would be just like us someday. I was seeing a young boy and a cute little girl make a

sandcastle together. As the mom and dad overlooked.

Then we could see lovers just like us kissing and holding hands.

We could see the ocean, for what seem to be miles.

We could see what we wanted!

In the gazebo, I recall that we walked along the lovely white bridge that links two walkways across the water, to the structure itself.

Then that is when things became almost supernatural, so

spiritual too, it was like I could see different types of love cherubs around me, and one younger girl angel, I pondered who she was, and why she was looking at me? Yet it was like I knew her, yet I just could not place her, at the time. As he said, there are no other words to describe what happened, along with the touching and the feeling of us together. Oh, my god! What my grandma was saying was true about what she could see, because I can see them too! I must have that ability.

Did she pass this down to me?

How…?

How could this be?

I lost so much to the tower curse, and her clan's just like grandma Nevaeh predicted. But- yet somehow, I feel that I was the winner in this one. Nevertheless, I feel that somehow, they will get the last laugh. From what I have seen in the past, it is coming. The only questions are- when, were, and whom? Who was that girl- I saw?

Should I know? The better question is- do you know?

Chapter: 50

The Journey Home

(Ten months later)

Kristen- So-o, Brandon, and I would like to take this time so that you could meet our- two newborn twin babies.

They are such a joyful addition to our lives. Yet, I am sorry to say that Grandma never saw them, when she

was thriving, she is next to her husband, my Pappy, and now my Mom and her childhood girlfriend named Lily. Nevertheless- so, anyway, say hello to Noah- Jay and Nevaeh- May. They are a lot of work, but we love them so much, they brought happiness to my life now that she is gone.

Nevaeh- (Going back about eleven months in time, the same night Kristen and Brandon, left for their honeymoon trip.)

So, now that I have some time to myself, I have been wondering what

is in this envelope? This was the last note Lily wrote to anyone.

It has on it- to Neveah.

I will open it. I will read it. It reads- Note- I always felt that nothing would ever change how I felt about you. Nor did I care what they would do to me, for loving you. You will know what happened to me, I will be leaving you, the next day. Yet you will not get this note until the end of your time after you have had all the lessons of life that you need to learn, and for others to learn from you. When you receive this note it

means that you have passed the test that was asked of you, that it is time to make the journey home. After you read this, which is when I will be coming back to you for the last time. You will be seeing me! I can see you- now!

Note- Know that I always wanted to be your lover, and I wanted to make hot passionate love to you. Know that you did not want me, as I wanted you, and I could not take it. They wanted me more than you too… that way, and it made me crazy. Though they did it because they knew I

wanted you so badly, and I said I would rather die than not be with you. I dyed for your Neveah! For the reason that they could not keep me away. However, they did not know that even in death they could not keep me away from you, being a white angel.

When you burn this note, know that I have always been in love with you. Still, when you do, this will be the end of your life, and the towers curse… on you. Also, it is the end of me being with you, like a spirit on earth, I will be looking over someone that you know,

yet she is new to me, she will be seeing me, as I have seen you. This would be the start of your new life with me, and we can finally all be together in eternal life. So, when you choose to burn this letter, we all can be here together once again and you can be with me, and all of them.

I always will Love you,

You're- Lily May 28, 2010

Come with me, upwards!

(The handwriting was shaky and misspelled, but I knew it was hers.)

Nevaeh- It is time to light up this note in flames! I got everything I wanted now; I have lived long enough.

I want to go home!

I started this breathtaking journey, by seeing the light.

I got my wings of white it was the time at last, as I went up with her. I went through the gates to my new homeland.

Kristen- The note was my mom’s suicide letter, and Lily's return,

and my grandma Nevaeh, could not handle it.

That was the day; she died in her lazy boy, from what the experts said it was a heart attack. Yet you and I know differently.

I guess the girl; I was seeing was the younger angel Lily. As she was taking her away, letting me know that everything was going to be okay. She was looking out the window over the golden fields that she loved. She was holding her notebook, which I made into this novel. So, that she could

always be remembered for the amazing life she led, and what her life existence was all about.

She got every one of her dreams! We- Brandon and I made sure of that. However, with the help of all the ones that truly loved her, as she loved them. She got to be what she wanted to be, just in a way, that others could not see. That she thought would never be. If only back when she was fourteen, she could have foreseen what was to be.

Maybe she would not have had these lives of extraordinary, with all the people like me.

Nevaeh- My last heavenly breath on earth was the first in the heavens. And… there they all were, they are all the same, as the last time I saw them. But now we all are glowing with white wings and can be together forever, the hugging and love will never end. I got to see him at last! Nevertheless, there is one more girl, which needs to be up here with me. I will get her to come home with me; we

all up here feel that she has earned that right!

~*~

Kristen- I never knew that what she was telling me over the years was true! I made a promise to publish this story. So, that she could always be thought of for the love she had for the ones that never left her side. All I can say is that the curse must have gone away somehow; for the reason that I am still here. -I hope so! Just to think that I have grandma Nevaeh’s first copy of the book that she wrote mainly

for herself, and the ones that she loved, to see if they wanted to see it.

Though I thought that the whole world needed to see her work, as I said. She thought that it was not even publishable, because of what bullies of all types pounded into her way of thinking in her mind. However, it was an incredible story! Her script became an overnight top New York Times bestselling book; she won many author awards also, which I accepted for her. Looking back over the old pages, all it needed was an editor. That is what I

did for her when I came home. Yes, she was one of those truly great writers, which only come around in one life's existence! 'It was her dream, and the amoral dream never dies.' Her life stories helped me out, and now they are helping- out a lot of people out there. Yet- 'Death is so final thought.'

Yet- I have her memories that will live on within me, as do all the others that read this very story. Furthermore, if you talk well about someone, he or she never dies in your memory.

~*~

(Five years later)

Then one late summer's night, at sunset we were riding our horses, with the twins on their ponies, through the golden fields.

We all were looking at everything that has changed, and everything that has stayed the same way, even after all these years. We want the kids to know the stories of where they come from. The trees were blackened, in the foreground, because

of the colorful backgrounds, which were painted so beautifully by the sun setting ahead of us. That is when we all saw a white bright light, which seemed to flutter by us like a cold breeze, which left our hearts feeling warm.

What is it I asked?

It cannot be said- Brandon.

Then we realized that there were three of them in the sky, in this bright glowing shimmery white. As a result, we got off our horses, so that we could walk up into the openness of the

meadow to look up in amazement. At that moment, we could finally understand what we were seeing. The faces were so clear; there they were coming down from heaven's, three beautiful white angels, Grandma Nevaeh as a young girl, Mom Jaylynn, and young Lily. They did not say anything more to us, or then a very soft whisper of- We love you. However, they were looking over us, as we walked in the fields together holding hands.

Noah was holding my hand, as little Nevaeh was holding her dad’s, as

I was holding his. We had a child on either side of us, pressed upon our one leg while looking up in amazement, the same way we were.

Yes, we had the same speechless jaw-dropping look on our faces as the children did on these. What can I say other than, that we are blessed, they were smiling and gleaming and their wings flapping? Then as fast as they were there they were gone; they flew away back up to their home in the heavens. I often try to picture what the heavens will look like.

Nevaeh- I will be looking over them, as you should know, and all of you too; I will see you from above! I will be protecting you!

Kristin- I am sure it is something that cannot be expressed in words; because it is so gorgeous, that my brain cannot grasp the concept. Then again, if I had to give an idea of what it is like up there… this is what I would say. What I have come to believe is true, is that it is like a city within the clouds. A metropolis with gold paved highways, which bridge the gaps from

one part of it to another part. There are many towering endless homes, which shine like gemstones, with gold windows and silver trimmings in all of the high- rises. The households have extremely pointed rooftops, which end at different elevations.

As well, the depths seem to be never-ending; with their voluminous levels and heights, of color in all ranges of the spectrum that gleam.

Heaven is expansive with one massive getaway aperture to the earth below.

Through the galaxy, bypassing what we call a black hole to another universe, and that is how you get there, with the help of your angels, as you pass on through to the other side. This is why no human has been able to reach it, for a reason. That is what I believe, and yes, I have my reasons. Heaven is endless… It is a celebration of interminable soul life. As I said, now the novels, titled ‘Nevaeh’ have been published to the world! Ironically it is in a hardcover book, which sparkles in its wander over its reader because that

is what she wanted, that was what all of her lives were about. Currently, there is a copy of her life's existence and her story in the hands of every young girl or woman and some cool guys, in all the lands all around the world! What an awesome way to end her story.

~*~

So, best of luck to you my friend, just remember no matter how bad something becomes, there is always an end in sight. You do not ever have to live in fright. Just enjoy the ride of life and hold on tight. Because

sooner or later all your towers will be out of sight, and everything will start feeling right. Just remember to follow the beacon of light, or be the hope and delight for someone else's life, so that they can shine brightly; never give up the fight! Live life in the air of the wings, and someday soon we will all meet again, and the voices we miss will sing.

This is why we have lived it is a test to see if we can have the true faith we need. True faith is not having everything going your way; it is when

life sucks the most you will know the most, of where you are going in the days of days, and also in the endings. That is why we have new beginnings. What is your life going to be about?

How do you want to be remembered? What do you want to be…? Because anything is possible, if only you believe, it will come true!

Do not give up on your life.

~Nevaeh~